

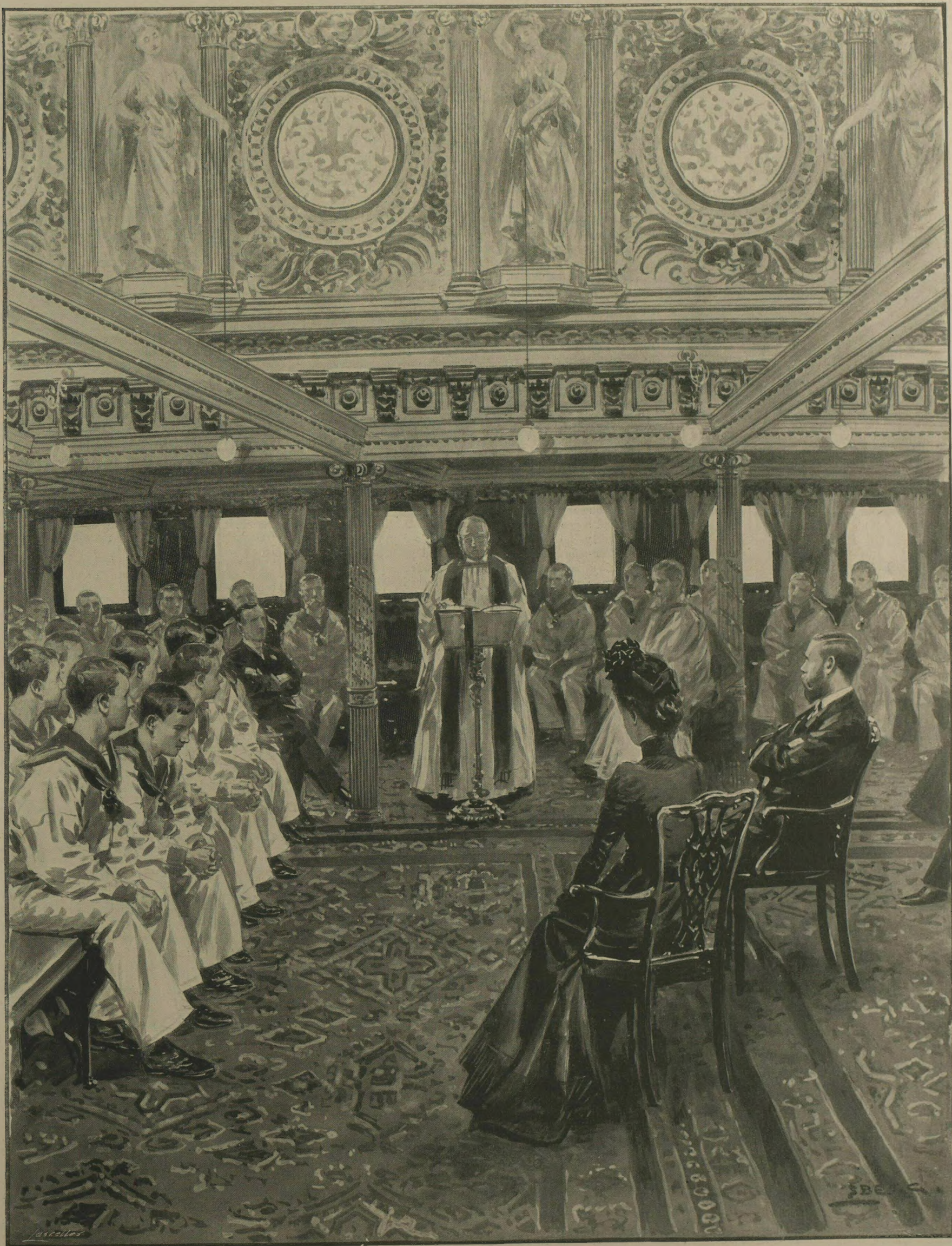
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3233.—VOL. CXVIII.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1901.

WITH FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT SIXPENCE



Canon Dalton.

Lady Catherine Cook.

The Duke of Cornwall and York.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK'S COLONIAL TOUR: DIVINE SERVICE IN THE SALOON OF THE "OPHIR," CANON DALTON READING THE LESSONS.

FROM A SKETCH BY SUB-LIEUTENANT J. B. WATERLOW, R.N., H.M.S. "OPHIR."

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Human nature is full of surprises, and that is why I am not disquieted by the idealists who tell us that the world will eventually reach a blessed perfection. If it did, some daring spirit would organise a revolution, merely to break the monotony, and Lucifer would be hurled headlong once more. As it is, even our ruling passions do not settle into diurnal channels; they break away suddenly on the most unexpected impulse. When a man amasses wealth, he may pay tribute (call it "ransom," if you will) to the cause of charity. You may suspect that charities are invented to relieve the conscience of Dives, just as crossing-sweepers exist solely that the careless ease which dispenses a small shower of coppers may call itself generosity. But it is startling to find a millionaire who gravely sets about the distribution, not of a few trivial donations, which are, so to speak, the price of respectability, but of his entire fortune. Such a man, in the world's judgment, should be eccentric to the point of madness; and yet Mr. Carnegie is clearly as sane and shrewd as he ever was. Probably he has energy and foresight enough to make a new fortune, if he were so minded; but the passion for money-getting, masterful and absorbing though it be, is extinct, and he has begun the new and original career of giving his millions away.

I wonder whether other millionaires are irritated by this phenomenon. Do they write privately to Mr. Carnegie, and say, "Look here, this is playing it very low down on us! We shouldn't mind if you gave away a quarter of a million to endow a University. It's a lot of money, but it looks well, and makes people believe that the capitalist is the true friend of humanity, and that, without him, everything and everybody—commerce, education, morals—would go to the dogs. But when it comes to giving away the whole of your forty millions, confound it, Sir! have you considered that you put us into a most invidious position? The newspapers talk of your 'unparalleled munificence'; but what is the world thinking? Simply that you are ashamed of your money, and that we ought to be ashamed of ours! There is an inveterate prejudice, as you know, against gigantic fortunes, and instead of combating that prejudice, you are giving it grace and victory by going over to the enemy. So you are now on a pedestal, and we are all in the pillory!" Is it true that Mr. Carnegie has received a round-robin couched in these terms, and signed by some of the greatest magnates of American finance?

My complaint of Mr. Carnegie is that he seems to have exhausted his originality in one moral spasm. The idea is magnificent; but the execution betrays a lack of imagination. Why fritter away millions on free libraries? The free library is an excellent thing; but to be eternally thrusting it upon us is a sign of monomania. We already have one philanthropist in this country with a Jack-and-the-Beanstalk mind. He never sees a vacant plot of land without dropping a cheque on it; and when the neighbours look out of their windows in the morning, lo! a free library has sprung up in the night. The free library should be a purely municipal affair, and not the creation of private bounty. It is as much a part of the educational machinery as the elementary school. Mr. Carnegie's mind is deficient in variety, and he would do well to take counsel with people who are without money, but are rich in dreams. I don't want to force myself upon his notice; but as I have given much time to reflection on the proper disposition of wealth, so as to be quite prepared when it rolls my way, it may be worth his while to let me play a free and enlightened game with a million. A modest commission for my ideas is all I ask; and if Mr. Carnegie wants a sample before clinching the bargain, then let me recommend him to pay £10,000 to clear off the debt of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which receives such scanty support from the public, although, in a single year, it has rescued 75,000 children from barbarous maltreatment.

Man is an imitative animal, and the millionaire who wants to rid himself of his millions may cease to be a surprising phenomenon. There is plenty of room for experiment. Mr. H. G. Wells, looking ahead (see his "Anticipations" in the *Fortnightly*), predicts that we shall presently tire of steam. He wonders that we have put up with the locomotive so long. It is a cumbersome mass of metal that runs on rails because it is too heavy for roads; and we are still content to be dragged behind it in stuffy and vibrating boxes called railway-carriages. Some day we shall all travel by motor-car, which will call for us at our own doors, and speed along a great broad highway, or on a special track, with no more rails and cuttings, no more embankments and tunnels. Steam will be superseded by the motive power generated from explosives. Nervous people (goodness knows, I am one of them!) need not take fright. The explosive energy will not be of that kind which starts a short and unpleasant voyage towards the sky. Nor will the motor-car make an abominable smell, as it does now, and utter guttural imprecations, as of some imprisoned fiend. When you take a drive in the country on a motor-car, you timidly ask the owner what would happen if he

met another vehicle, and he says cheerfully, "Oh, there would be a few pieces, I suppose! But cheer up—I've never met one yet." You also wonder as to the sequel if a large stone were to tilt the car at a sharp curve. But the future road will be as broad as a river, and never a stone will trouble its surface.

Even the possibilities of steam are not exhausted. I doubt whether many of us have grasped the significance of the marine engineering which enables the *Viper*, a torpedo-destroyer in H.M. Navy, to travel forty-one miles an hour. When marine engines are so far developed that this speed can be attained by cruisers and transports, what will be the precise value of our sea frontier? It is conceivable that, under such conditions, we might be within twenty minutes of invasion. At any rate, the acceleration of speed for war-ships must lessen our sense of security in an exclusively naval bulwark. Science threatens our insularity more and more. The flying-machines, when they come, will extinguish it; but, even without them, we can see our little strip of protecting water shrinking steadily. This should be pondered by the writers who cling to the idea that we don't need any considerable Army, and who point a reproachful finger at what they call "militarism." To see that the changed conditions of Europe make it no longer possible for us to dwell in comfortable isolation, and smile at the burdens of our neighbours, is not to thirst for military adventure.

I can find no historical basis for Thomas Atkins, the heroic sentry of Lucknow. Major-General C. F. Parkinson, who served in the Crimea, and in India during the Mutiny, tells me that he never heard the story. His explanation of the traditional name of the British private is much more prosaic. "Over fifty years ago the soldier's account ledger was introduced for the guidance of officers and men in regard to the soldier's pay and charges. Thomas Atkins in those days could neither read nor write. In my company, out of ninety or a hundred privates, not twenty could read or write. The officer commanding the company had to go through each monthly account, and when he could not name his man he would say 'Here! What's-your-name--Thomas Atkins! Come and tell me if you understand your account.' And so the name of Thomas Atkins passed from regiment to regiment." General Parkinson sends me a specimen of the account, which was made up on a War Office form. It is an admirably simple bit of book-keeping. On the debit side I find twenty-eight days' messing at fourpence a day, three days in hospital at a shilling a day, a pair of braces at one and twopence, a pair of socks at one and fourpence, and a pennyworth of hair-cutting. On the credit side are thirty-one days' pay at a shilling a day, thirty-one days' beer-money at a penny a day, and good-conduct pay for the same term amounting to two and sevenpence. So there was a credit balance of £1 1s. 3d., certified by the name of the officer, and "Thomas Atkins X his mark."

With a sigh I dismiss that Lucknow sentry as a phantom. Never mind; deeds as thrilling as his are legion in Tommy Atkins's history. And pray observe in this account the saving of the beer-money, and the steady record of "good conduct." The remuneration of "good conduct" at a penny a day was not what you would call extravagant. By a quaint irony it was equal to the amount of the beer-money. If Tommy needed to have his hair cut, he had to spend the value of one day's high character; and three days in hospital consumed more than the moral glory of a whole month. I don't know how these matters are regulated now; but I trust the War Office has grasped the absurdity of making the sick soldier pay for his nursing. Even with a fresh increase of the income-tax staring me in the face, I am reckless enough to hope that the country is saddled with the expense of cutting Tommy's hair. Yes, and I would give him his braces! See how war begets a taste for riotous expenditure! Still, I would have you note that braces form an essential part of a martial equipment. No man (unless he be a prize-fighter) can do battle without them; therefore, they should be treated as accoutrements, and provided by the taxpayers. If any doubt on this point still lingers at the War Office, it should be cleared up in debate on the Army Estimates.

A correspondent writes: "You, Sir, have shown that you appreciate the true delicacies of the heart, and so I hasten to assure you that I have put myself down on my Census paper as head of a family; yes, a family of ten—six strapping boys and four blooming girls! I have read with indignation of the hostility which the Census has excited in some quarters. Was it ignorance or malice that threatened to kick one enumerator downstairs? Some people, I believe, would rather commit a crime than confide their real ages to the Census. I was not ashamed to write on my paper, in legible characters, 'Getting on for fifty'! Then I am wondering how many people have had the candour to inscribe their little weaknesses in the column reserved for infirmities? Do you think Mr. Blank has put himself down as afflicted with that mental disease which you have so justly called Boeritis?" I hope Mr. Blank has not evaded his responsibilities! There is a penalty of five pounds for misleading information!

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"HAMLET," AT THE COMEDY.

In putting "Hamlet" into the Comedy bill on the occasion of his final appearances in London this season, Mr. Benson probably shows himself an astute enough manager. Every half-decade a new generation of playgoers seems to arise which knows not the Hamlet of its immediate sires. And it so happens that the Benson Shakspearean Company—as distinguished from Mr. Benson himself—gives a very interesting and a thoroughly adequate rendering of the bard's great tragedy. Since Mr. Willard played King to Mr. Wilson Barrett's Prince sixteen years ago, no more vigorous, no more incisive Claudius has been seen in London than that presented by Mr. Oscar Asche. For the first time on the modern stage Gertrude's second husband is made a prominent and plausible figure, instead of appearing a twopenny coloured villain or a painted "Vice." In Mr. Asche's hands the character becomes arresting, the prayer scene proves really moving, while the hints thrown out by Shakspeare as to the usurper's Bacchanalian habits are illustrated and interpreted by some very striking and novel stage business. Mrs. Benson's Ophelia, too, turns out to be a very able piece of work. In the earlier scenes of the play Mrs. Benson is as stagey and as exaggerated as she will be in any sentimental rôle—*vide* her Cleopatra and her Viola—but in the mad scene she is simple, unaffected, and truly affecting, almost wiping out memories of Mrs. Tree. The Hamlet, however, presented by Mr. Benson, though interesting and scholarly, as it must needs be, is far too Gallic and hysterical a madman to satisfy playgoers who have seen Henry Irving and Forbes Robertson essay the part. Moreover, Mr. Benson's whining, clerical monotone, his perpetual false emphasis, his glaring disregard of the cadence and the rhythm of the verse, combined with that sheer, unmitigated rant whereby he is ever striving to atone for lack of passion and lung-power, would of themselves suffice to render his performance of Hamlet more distressing than impressive, more distracting than attractive.

MELODRAMA IN THE SUBURBS.

The state in which he finds the outlying theatres this week is calculated, we fear, to give that worthy man, the earnest playgoer, grounds for the very greatest uneasiness. In the first place, he will observe that the distinguished London actor or actress on touring bent has entirely disappeared from the suburban programmes. He will notice, too, with surprise that three managers of these newer houses—those who direct the respective fortunes of the Duchess, Balham; of the Opera House, Crouch End; and of the Ealing Theatre—are following the wellnigh obsolete West-End fashion of closure till after Good Friday. And finally he will perceive, with a very righteous but ineffective indignation, that over the suburbs this Holy Week melodrama of the most mechanical and weirdly didactic type is once more gloriously in the ascendant. Light musical plays can be seen at four houses: at the Broadway, New Cross, where Mr. Watie Walton is "starring" in a new musical comedy called "The Dandy Doctor"; at the Standard, where Mr. John Coates, Miss Leonora Braham, and Miss Jessie Huddleston are the chief singers in a revival of Audran's comic opera, "Olivette"; and (on Saturday night only) at the Opera House, Crouch End, and at the Ealing Theatre. Comedy, again, masked in various guises—high comedy, farcical comedy, low comedy, and, shall we say, new comedy—wears the sock at the Grand, Islington, where Mr. Pinero's "Gay Lord Quex" is half-delighting, half-shocking the "unco' guid"; at the Coronet, Notting Hill Gate, where an admirable company, including Mr. Willard's former leading lady, Miss Keith Wakeman, and that sound and valuable comedian, Mr. Edmund Gurney, is explaining the delightfully funny imbrogio caused by Mr. Burnand's "Lady of Ostend"; at the Opera House, Richmond, where the veteran Mr. Thomas Thorne is reviving the crude, but still popular humours of Byron's "Our Boys"; and at the Grand, Fulham, where Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Macklin are filling the leading rôles in a new comedy written by Mr. Barton White, and concerned with the doings of persons "Mostly Fools." "Hearts are Trumps" and "The Price of Peace," are presented respectively at the Stoke Newington playhouse and at Mr. Robert Arthur's beautiful Kennington Theatre; and three dramas well known at the defunct Princess's can also be seen in the suburbs this week; for "Proof" is forthcoming in "a celebrated case" at the Lyric, Hammersmith, "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" is being untravelled at the Britannia, Hoxton, and Mr. Charles Warner is playing his old part of Tom Robinson as well as ever at the new Camden Theatre. But of the remaining melodramas the titles are sufficient to bewray them. They harp on "The Colours," "Life," "Sin"—particularly that of "Woman." A piece typical of this kind of work is a play styled "Women of London," which you may discover filling the bill to popular applause at the Crown, Peckham.

THE COVENT GARDEN BALL.

Maybe those energetic entrepreneurs, Messrs. Rendle and Forsyth, accustomed as they are to seeing Covent Garden crowded, were themselves somewhat astonished at the almost unprecedentedly large crowd of frolic youth and old which assembled to "see out" the last ball of the season. Even the competition for the prizes offered for the prettiest costumes worn seemed sharper and more effective than that shown at any other ball of the 1900-1901 series. On Friday night last were to be seen, of course, the usual more or less "topical" dresses, some suggested by the impending Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race, others imitating the chocolate-coloured garb of the "Four Piccaninnies" who figure in "The Belle of Bohemia."

AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

The Francis Letters: By Sir Philip Francis and other Members of the Family. Edited by Beata Francis and Eliza Keary. Two vols. (Hutchinson. 24s.)
Friend or Foe. E. S. Thompson. (Drane. 3s. 6d.)
Twentieth Century Inventions. George Sutherland, M.A. (Longmans. 4s. 6d.)
The Art of Marching. Colonel G. A. Purse, C.B. (Clowes. 12s.)
Cowper and Mary Unwin: A Centenary Memento. Edited by Caroline Geary. (Drane. 6s.)
The Eternal Quest. John A. Stewart. (Hutchinson. 6s.)
The Later Life of Harriet, Countess Granville. Hon. Mrs. Oldfield. (Longmans. 10s.)
A Cardinal and His Conscience. Graham Hope. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)
The Heritage. Edwin Pugh and Godfrey Burehett. (Sands. 6s.)

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
EASTER HOLIDAYS.—CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.
 APRIL 4, 5, 6, and 7, to and from LONDON and the SEASIDE available for return on any day (except day of issue) up to and including Easter Tuesday.

SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.
 BRIGHTON IN 60 MINUTES BY PULLMAN LIMITED. From Victoria 11 a.m. GOOD FRIDAY AND EVERY SUNDAY, 12s.
 First Class and Pullman Train at 11.5 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. GOOD FRIDAY AND EVERY SUNDAY, from Victoria, calling at Clapham Junction and East Croydon. Day Return Tickets, Pullman Car, 12s.; First Class, 10s.
 WORTHING.—GOOD FRIDAY AND EVERY SUNDAY, 1st Class Day Tickets from Victoria, 11.5 a.m. Fare 10s., or including Pullman to Brighton, 12s.
 EASTBOURNE.—GOOD FRIDAY AND EVERY SUNDAY from Victoria 9.25 a.m., First Class, 10s.; also Pullman Car Train from Victoria, 11.15 a.m., 12s.

SPECIAL CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS.—GOOD FRIDAY, EASTER SUNDAY AND MONDAY. From London Bridge and Victoria to Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Tunbridge Wells, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, and Hastings; and on EASTER TUESDAY to Brighton and Worthing.
 For particulars see Bills, or address Superintendent of the Line, London Bridge Terminus.

GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

From LONDON (Marylebone), WOOLWICH (Arsenal and Dockyard), GREENWICH and HARROW-ON-THE-HILL.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3.

To IRELAND, including Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Londonderry, &c., for 16 days.

THURSDAY, April 4 (for 5 or 6 days) to the Midlands, Lincolnshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and North-Eastern District, including Brackley, Rugby, Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Sheffield, Worksop, Retford, Gainsborough, Grimsby, Hull, Rotham, Bradford, Huddersfield, Halifax, Blackburn, Accrington, Burnley, Bolton, Warrington, Stockport, Liverpool, Manchester, Oldham, Ashton, Southport, Doncaster, York, Darlington, Durham, Newcastle, &c.

GOOD FRIDAY, for half-day and 1, 4, or 5 days, and EASTER MONDAY, for half-day and 1, 2, or 4 days, to Farnham, Brackley, Rugby, Lutterworth, Leicester, Loughborough, and Nottingham.

GOOD FRIDAY MORNING, for 4 or 5 days, to Sheffield, Penistone, Manchester, &c.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, April 6, for 2, 3, or 4 days, to Rugby, Lutterworth, Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Sheffield, Stockport, Warrington, Liverpool, Manchester, &c.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, for half-day and 2 or 3 days; SUNDAY, APRIL 7, for 1 or 2 days; and EASTER MONDAY, for 1 day, for Calvert, Brackley, Woodford, Rugby, Lutterworth, Ashby, Magna, Leicester, Loughborough.
 Certain of these trains will also call at Aylesbury and Rickmansworth.

Tickets, pamphlets, &c., at Marylebone Terminus; of Messrs. Dean and Pawson, 55, Charing Cross; and at all Great Central Ticket Offices.
 Manchester. WILLIAM POLLITT, General Manager.

C.P.R. OCEAN SERVICES

ROUND THE WORLD TRIPS.

AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, AND HAWAII. } From Vancouver every Month.
 YOKOHAMA (INLAND SEA), } From Vancouver every Three Weeks.
 SHANGHAI, HONG-KONG.

For Tickets, Free Pamphlets, apply Passenger Department, CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, 67, King William Street, E.C., or 30, Cockspur Street, S.W.

TINTAGEL, Cornwall.—KING ARTHUR'S CASTLE
 HOTEL (Canolford, via Exeter), overlooking the far-famed Ruins of King Arthur's Stronghold. Magnificent views of the Atlantic and rugged Cornish Coast. Mild Climate. Electric Light, Golf, Hot and Cold Sea-Water Baths, and every luxury.

THE THIRD OF OUR SERIES OF RECORD NUMBERS.

THE RECORD NUMBER OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S REIGN

Ready MAY 14.

Forms an excellent third to our Historical Series of Great Special Numbers. It will contain many new and attractive features.

The Number will contain

AN INDIA PROOF OF THE PORTRAIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA,

By Benjamin Constant;

ALSO

FOURTEEN INDIA PROOF

AND OTHER PHOTOGRAVURES.

Illustrating Important Events in Queen Victoria's Life, and in the Life of Edward VII.,

FROM PICTURES BY

SIR JOHN MILLAIS, BART, P.R.A.;
 W. P. FRITH, R.A.; SIR G. HAYTER,
 R. CATON WOODVILLE, S. BEGG, ALLAN STEWART,
 H. W. KOEKROEK, G. AMATO,
 H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, and C. DE LACY.

Articles upon the Private and Public Life of Queen Victoria, and upon all Social, Political, and Intellectual developments during her late Majesty's Reign, have been written by

JUSTIN MCCARTHY, W. LAIRD CLOWES,
 FREDERICK WEDMORE, MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS,
 GEORGE SAINTSBURY, F. C. SELOUS,
 DEAN FARRAR, H. W. LUCY,
 EDWARD CLODD, W. HAIG-BROWN, LL.D.,
 SIR HENRY IRVING, C. DE THIERRY.

THIS MAGNIFICENT RECORD

WILL ALSO INCLUDE AN ACCOUNT OF

THE LIFE AND ACCESSION OF EDWARD VII.

By Edward Dicey, C.B.,

AND

THE LIFE OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA,

By Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes.

The Price will be 5s., and Orders can now be received by Newsagents.

OUR HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAVURES.



KING EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

We have in course of preparation 200 Artist's Proofs from this fine Painting by Mr. S. Begg. The price will be £2 2s. each; Prints, £1 1s. each. Size, exclusive of margin, 24 in. by 17 in. Printed on India Paper in highest class style.

BENJAMIN CONSTANT'S

GREAT PORTRAIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Exhibited at the Paris Exhibition.



Ready shortly, 100 Coloured Photogravures, all proofs, at 20 guineas each; 500 Photogravures, all Artist's Proofs, at £10 10s. each, now nearly all subscribed; unsigned proofs, also limited, at £5 5s.; Prints, £3 3s.

The Portrait of the late Queen, by M. Benjamin Constant, is to appear at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy this season by command of His Majesty the King.



THE FUNERAL CORTEGE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

A high-class Photogravure from the clever Painting by G. Amato of "The Funeral Cortège of Queen Victoria" will be shortly published—200 Artist's Proofs at £2 2s. each; Prints, £1 1s. each.

New Illustrated List, &c., sent on application to Photogravure Department, 198, Strand, W.C.

OUR HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAVURES.

Up-to-date Illustrated List now ready, free on application to PHOTOGRAVURE DEPARTMENT, 198, STRAND, W.C.

TO PUBLISHERS, PRESS AGENTS, PRINTERS, &c.

Please note that the London Electrotpe Agency, Ltd., of 31, St. Bride Street, E.C., is now the Sole Agency for the sale of our Electrotypes, Reproductions of our Drawings, &c.

NORTH LONDON RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

TRAINS
 Every few Minutes to and from SHOREDITCH for
 BRITANNIA THEATRE
 ("With Flying Colours"—Morning Performance on Bank Holiday);
 Also the STANDARD THEATRE
 THE "LONDON" and "CAMBRIDGE" MUSIC HALLS
 (Variety Entertainments),
 and the WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY, High Street, Whitechapel
 (Free Exhibition of Pictures).

DALSTON JUNCTION
 for the ALEXANDRIA THEATRE
 ("In the Loop"—Morning Performance on Bank Holiday);
 and the DALSTON THEATRE
 ("Woman and Wine"—Morning Performance on Bank Holiday).

Every Fifteen Minutes to and from CHALK FARM, for
 PRIMROSE HILL, REGENT'S PARK, and the BOTANIC and ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

HIGHBURY and ISLINGTON
 for the GRAND THEATRE
 (Carl Rosa Opera Company).

HACKNEY.
 In connection (by means of Covered Gallery) with Great Eastern Suburban Trains to CHINGFORD
 (For EPPING FOREST, &c.).

VICTORIA PARK.
 BOW (for BOW and BROMLEY INSTITUTE, and the PEOPLE'S PALACE).

HAMPSTEAD HEATH and WILLESDEN JUNCTION.

Every Half-hour to and from KEW BRIDGE for KEW GARDENS.

SOUTH KENSINGTON
 for THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE;
 Also SOUTH KENSINGTON and NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUMS.
 With a Train Service in connection with the CRYSTAL PALACE.

Every Hour to and from RICHMOND for
 TEDDINGTON (BUSHEY PARK) and HAMPTON COURT.

FREQUENT TRAINS to and from FINSBURY PARK and WOOD GREEN.
 (Saturday, April 6, Alexandra Park Races).

HIGHGATE (for HIGHGATE WOODS), NEW BARNET, HIGH BARNET, and ENFIELD.

On SATURDAY, April 6, and EASTER MONDAY, CHEAP THROUGH TICKETS will be issued to STAINES, WINDSOR, MAIDENHEAD, HENLEY, &c. (Great Western Railway, via Maidenhead; and to STAINES AND WINDSOR (South Western Railway), via Richmond).

CHEAP TICKETS will be issued to SOUTHBEND (Via the Tilbury or Great Eastern Route); Also to BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH.

Broad Street Station, March 1901. G. HOLLAND NEWTON, General Manager.

ROYAL BRITISH MAIL ROUTE VIA HARWICH-HOOK OF HOLLAND

DAILY (Sundays included) SERVICE TO THE CONTINENT.
 QUICKEST ROUTE TO HOLLAND AND CHEAPEST TO GERMANY.
 RESTAURANT CARS and THROUGH CARRIAGES to and from the Hook.

HARWICH-ANTWERP ROUTE

For BRUSSELS, &c., every Week-day.

Combination Tickets (Rundreise System). Cheap Through Tickets and Tours to nearly all parts of the Continent.

From London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m., for the Hook of Holland, and at 8.40 p.m. for Antwerp. Direct service to Harwich, from Scotland, the North and Midlands. Restaurant Car between York and Harwich.

The Great Eastern Railway Company's Steamers are steel twin-screw vessels, lighted throughout by electricity, and sail under the British Flag.

HAMBURG, via Harwich by G. S. N. Co.'s S.S., Wednesdays and Saturdays.
 Particulars of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

SOUTH OF FRANCE AND ITALY.—SELECT TOUR,

NICE, MONTE CARLO, GENOA, with a WEEK IN ROME,
 Returning via FLORENCE, VENICE, MILAN, LUCERNE, BASEL,
 Starting from London April 23.
 (Programme Gratis.)

HENRY GAZE and SONS, 53, Queen Victoria Street; 150, Piccadilly;
 32, Westbourne Grove, London.
 Telegrams: Gaze, London. Telephone: 5930 Bank. Branches everywhere.

Second Edition. Revised and Enlarged. Price 2s. 6d.

GOUT AND ITS CURE.—By J. COMPTON BURNETT, M.D.
 "It deals in a scientific manner, yet not too abstrusely for the popular reader, with the ailment, its various forms and best method of treatment."—Illustrated London News.
 London: JAMES ERSS and Co., Ltd., 170, Piccadilly, and 48, Threadneedle Street.

New Edition. Price 2s. 6d., post free.

DISEASES OF THE SPLEEN AND THEIR REMEDIES
 CLINICALLY ILLUSTRATED. By J. COMPTON BURNETT, M.D.
 "It treats of a class of malady often confused with heart disease."—Standard.
 J. Erss and Co. (Ltd.), 170, Piccadilly, and 48, Threadneedle Street.

THE AUTOTYPE FINE ART GALLERY.

74, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

OPEN FREE DAILY FROM 10 TO 6.

A VISIT OF INSPECTION IS INVITED TO THE PERMANENT EXHIBITION OF AUTOTYPE (CARBON) REPRODUCTIONS OF FAMOUS WORKS OF ART.

PICTURES FOR PRESENTS.
 The Company has now on View a Collection of Selected Examples tastefully framed and at moderate prices.
 FRAMED AUTOTYPES possess distinctive Fine Art Character, and, being eminently suitable for Home Adornment, prove acceptable Presents.
 ILLUSTRATED LEAFLET POST FREE.

THE AUTOTYPE COMPANY, LONDON.

MOHAWK, MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS.
 Two Distinct Companies for Easter Holidays. One Company, ST. JAMES'S HALL, Twice Daily East or West (Easter Monday in Great Hall), 3 and 8. Another Company, AGRICULTURAL HALL, Opening Saturday, April 6: Two Shows, Easter Monday, 3 and 8, and Every Evening at 8 till Saturday, April 20, inclusive. Tickets—Whitehead's and all Libraries.

THE LONDON HIPPODROME,
 CRANBURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.
 Managing Director, MR. H. E. MOSS.
 TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 7.45 p.m.
 AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEQUALLED BRILLIANCE.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK'S COLONIAL TOUR.

Private Yachts. Valetta: The Castle. The Landing Stage.

Isola.



Destroyers.

H.M.S. "Royal Sovereign."

THE ARRIVAL OF THE "OPHIR" AT MALTA: THE SCENE FROM THE FOREBRIDGE OF H.M.S. "CAESAR" IN VALETTA HARBOUR, MARCH 25.

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT G. C. WOODCOCK, R.M.A., H.M.S. "CAESAR."



THE SITUATION AT TIENTSIN: COMPULSORY DEMOLITION OF THE TOWN WALLS BY CHINESE UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF INDIAN TROOPS.

DRAWN BY MR. JOHN SCHÖNBERG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CHINA.

Not infrequently Chinese professors are impressed into the service for this unpalatable task.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL'S VOYAGE.

A brilliant morning succeeded the night of illuminations that had made the great Rock of Gibraltar and the war-ships glow; and the Mediterranean voyage of the *Ophir* began in good though rather windy weather. Royal salutes greeted the ears of the crowds gathered on the shores of the Straits. The *Andromeda* and the *Diana* escorted the ship that bore the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall eastwards; and it is worth noting that a wireless telegram from Gibraltar overtook her thirty miles out, and that wireless communication between the Duke and the Governor of Malta heralded the meeting of the *Ophir* with a dozen or so of torpedo-boats and destroyers that went out from Malta by way of escort on the morning of Monday, March 25.

As soon as the *Ophir* came to anchor, the Governor (Sir Francis Grenfell), the Admiral, and other officials went on board to offer the formal welcome. At noon the Duke and Duchess landed, the war-ships being manned by cheering bluejackets, and a second royal salute making the shores resound. The drive to the Palace took place through flags and flowers, and the way was lined throughout by soldiers and sailors. All troops, bluejackets, marines, and local forces marched past the Palace; and then came luncheon. Deputations followed, the Duke replying to several addresses, and conferring the Order of St. Michael and St. George upon Baron Abela and the Hon. L. Gatt, Minister of Public Works. On the following day their Royal Highnesses visited the Cathedral, and opened the Exhibition of Fine Arts (where the Duchess accepted the fine piece of old Maltese lace prepared for her), and made the tour of the old town. The banquet that evening was on board the *Ophir*, the Duke and Duchess entertaining the naval, military, and civic dignitaries of Malta. Wednesday was spent in visits to the Dockyards, the site of the new docks, and the Naval Hospital; and in witnessing the manoeuvres of the Field Artillery. The luncheon was given

reflected over their backs; and a fantastical achievement of the same Queen, showing the two coats quartered together, is preserved in the Buckingham Palace library. The oldest extant authority for the arms of Wales consists of documents bearing date 1404, and stamped with the seals of Owen Glendower as Prince of Wales.—L. W. V. H.

THE SITUATION IN CHINA.

The Manchurian Agreement has been the Manchurian Disagreement this week. The Chinese Emperor considers that the Treaty proposed by Russia strikes at the integrity of the country; and he implores the Czar to restore the country to the Administration that existed before the Russian occupation, and to abstain from setting to other Powers so bad an example of "Hands-on" policy. Meanwhile, Great Britain and Russia have maintained the understanding arrived at in the affair of the debated boundaries; and, whatever may be the suspicions of each other entertained by the Powers themselves, the general amelioration of the position goes on apace. The walls which have been raised or used against the foreigners are being levelled with the ground, in some cases—as in that shown in one of our Illustrations—by the hands of the Chinese themselves. Chinese professors will sometimes be found among the coolies at this enforced labour, which is anything but a labour of love.

THE GAMBIA OPERATIONS.

The Gambia punitive expedition against the murderers of the two English officials has been rather hotly engaged during the past fortnight. The English and French detachments crossed the Vintam River on the last day but one of March, after Mandina, the stronghold of Fodi Kabba, had been captured, with the accidental loss to that chief of forty of his wives by an explosion of gunpowder, as well as fatal casualties in the ordinary fighting to the number of 150. Fodi Kabba himself was shot through the brain in action. One of our Illustrations shows a group of the officers and staff of the British detachment, with



THE CLAIM OF WALES TO BE REPRESENTED IN THE ROYAL ARMS: AN ELIZABETHAN PRECEDENT.

DRAWN BY MR. L. W. VERNON HARCOURT.

The Arms are those of Queen Elizabeth, showing Escutcheon in base charged with the Arms of Wales (Quarterly, 1st and 4th, Gules, a Lion passant regardant, Or; 2nd and 3rd, Or, the Lion, Gules).

Sir George Denton and Colonel Brake at their head; and another gives a view of the headquarters of the Governor during the expedition.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

The University Boat-Race, rowed on Saturday last week, resulted in a victory for Oxford by two-fifths of a length. The historic course—which was also on this occasion a very choppy one, with waves that mimicked those of the sea—never witnessed a more hotly contested Battle of the Blues. Cambridge won the choice of station—an advantage which was worth four or five lengths. At Barnes Bridge Oxford was behind—a bad omen. Only twice—once in 1886, and again in 1896—has the laggard boat at that point reached the goal as victor. The utmost pluck was shown by both eights under the most difficult and fatiguing conditions. The course from Putney to Mortlake took, in consequence, four minutes longer to cover this year than it did last.

STEEPLECHASES AT LIVERPOOL AND NAZEING.

For the second time in the last four years, the Grand National Steeplechase was run in a snowstorm. The winner, Grudon, is the property of Mr. B. Bletsoe, a well-known Northamptonshire farmer, and was bred by his owner. He was ridden by Arthur Nightingall. The Bar Point-to-Point Steeplechases were held at Nazeing on Saturday last, March 30, and were well attended, considering the inclemency of the weather. The heavy-weight race was won by Mr. H. G. Farrant's Leicester; the light weight by Mr. E. Clayton's Breeze; and the Inns of Court open race by Mr. Justice Bucknill's Longneck.



Photo. supplied by F. W. Emmett.

THE FIGHTING ON THE GAMBIA: THE GOVERNOR'S CAMP AT BULLAL DURING THE PUNITIVE EXPEDITION.

by Lord Charles Beresford on board the *Rumillies*, and the banquet at night was on board the flag-ship *Renown*. At midnight, between March 27 and 28, the *Ophir* sailed from Malta amid a bouquet of rockets. A street leading out from Valetta that had been named Chamberlain Avenue so lately as last September was rechristened Duke of York Avenue. The *Ophir* sent back a wireless message to Malta, reporting a hundred and ten miles of her further voyage. She passed south of Crete on March 28, and exchanged greetings with Canea and with Suda Bay, where the *Theseus*, the *Halcyon*, and the *Pioneer* are stationed. Malta has been gratified by a message from the King acknowledging the cordiality of that loyal island. The passage through the Suez Canal was the next important stage of the voyage. It was a record passage, all vessels "tying up" to give place to the *Ophir*, which sailed from Suez Roads just before noon of the 1st of April, and is now fairly in "the East."

WALES AND THE ROYAL ARMS.

The Welsh members of Parliament are petitioning the King to give Wales a place in the royal escutcheon. The arms of the Principality have never been borne as part of the official arms of an English Sovereign, but they have on one occasion figured in a royal achievement of which we give an Illustration. The achievement is that of Queen Elizabeth, and is copied from a Harleian manuscript in the British Museum. The arrangement is peculiar. It consists of three shields arranged triangularly on a circular ground blazoned paly, argent, and vert (the Tudor colours). The dexter shield bears the arms of France and England quartered, the sinister shield exhibits the harp of Ireland, while the escutcheon in base is charged with the arms of Wales. This is the first appearance of the two last-mentioned coats in an English royal achievement, and both are of doubtful authority. The arms given for Wales are commonly assigned to South Wales; those for North Wales being given as: Argent, three lions passant regardant in pale, gules, their tails passing between their legs and



Photo. supplied by F. W. Emmett.

THE GAMBIA PUNITIVE EXPEDITION: SIR GEORGE DENTON, COLONEL BRAKE, AND OFFICERS OF THE STAFF.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang, Vicar of Portsea, has been appointed Canon of St. Paul's in the room of the Bishop-elect of London. A son of Dr. Marshall Lang, formerly minister of the Barony Church, Glasgow, and now Principal of the University of Aberdeen, the new Canon is of Presbyterian origin. After leaving Glasgow University, he went to Balliol College, Oxford, where he was elected Scholar in 1882, and graduated in 1885, taking, during the following year, a First Class in Modern History. In 1888

he became a Fellow of All Souls'. Ordained priest in 1891, he was curate of Leeds till 1893, when he returned to Oxford as Fellow and Dean of Divinity of Magdalen College. The incumbency of St. Mary's also fell to him. When the Portsea vicarage, to which the late Mr. W. H. Smith was a munificent contributor, became vacant five years ago, Mr. Lang was appointed to it, on the recommendation of Mr. Balfour. The new Canon is only thirty-six, is a good preacher, and an intimate friend of Bishop Winnington-Ingram.

There are many ways of marking the accession of Edward VII., and the Scottish Corporation has surely hit upon one of the best of them. The Governors have decided to create ten additional annual pensions of £13 each, which will be filled by election at the end of this month.

Rear-Admiral Arthur William Moore, C.B., C.M.G., the new Commander-in-Chief of the West African Station, was born fifty-four years ago. When he was thirteen he entered the Navy, and he had seen active service in the Egyptian War of 1882 before he took his Captaincy. He was one of the representatives of Great Britain at the Anti-Slavery Congress held in Brussels twelve years ago, and, a little later, did useful work as a member of the Australian Defence Committee. For the last three years he has acted as a Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty. All round, his training has been an excellent introduction to the new duties he now undertakes.

Earl Roberts has been a guest of the Duke of Beaufort at Badminton, and out with the Beaufort hounds. The Commander-in-Chief's arm, we may conclude, has quite recovered from the bruise and strain it got when he was thrown from his horse in South Africa. Sir William Gatacre, however, who kept his seat in war-time, has had a nasty upset whilst riding in the point-to-point races of the Essex and Suffolk Foxhounds. His horse fell at a ditch which had been filled up with loose dirt, and the General had the ill-luck to break his collar-bone.

The Chinese puzzle did not need the further complication of feeling imported into it as lately as a fortnight ago by the murder of the Rev. J. Stonehouse, a member of the London Missionary Society. The crime was perpetrated at the ferry of Whanga-lo on the Hun-ho River, ten miles west of Tung-ngan-hsien, in the region of Lo-fa, which is a station on the Tientsin line in the middle of the zone of occupation. Just before he was attacked he had been distributing relief to the starving villages—a preliminary to death which might well be the Christian missionary's ideal. Not much more is known of the event, or of the nature of the attack made upon him, except that he survived for some hours, and

that his death was duly reported by the mayor of the village to the British authorities at Lo-fa.

The same as before—that is the bulletin issued of his mental and political health by the German Emperor. The Bremen incident has not affected his spirits. "I have become neither plaintive nor afflicted with melancholia." This disclaimer seems to the Kaiser to be necessary because he has read so much to the contrary in the newspapers. "I have read everything that has been written in the newspapers about me," says his Majesty. After that course of treatment a little melancholia might have been expected, and need not have been attributed either to the friendship between the rulers of Germany and England, nor even to the nasty cut which a rusty iron, flung by a fanatic, can inflict in the neighbourhood of the eye.

De Wet has gone to meet Botha, but that does not mean that they will consider peace. More likely they are still bent on war, although their force may not number the 13,000 mentioned by a Lorenzo Marques telegram.

Sir John Stainer, whose death took place last Sunday at Verona, entered the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral in 1847.

When he was only seven years of age, and then, in 1856, he became Organist at St. Michael's College, Tenbury, an institution founded by Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley. Three years later he matriculated at Christ Church, and in due course took his degrees as M.A. and Doctor of Music. As Organist of the University Church and of Magdalen College he spent thirteen years, developing his musical faculties with a success which brought him the innumerable distinctions of his later years. When Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley died, Sir John Stainer took the Oxford Professorship, just as he had, on the death of John Hullah, become H.M.'s Inspector of Music in Training Colleges. He was the composer of a good deal of Church music, including the sevenfold "Amen," used at the obsequies of Queen Victoria.

At the first glance, it may have seemed not inappropriate that the Duke of Cornwall and York should be created Prince of Australia. Such a suggestion, we have reason to believe, was brought under his Majesty's notice by a Colonial representative; but consideration of the matter showed that there were grave difficulties in the way of such an addition to the Duke's titles. Colonial recognition would, of course, have to begin with Canada. At a moment, however, when the Imperial idea is so strong, it is not surprising to learn that an alternative suggestion has been made that the Duke of Cornwall and York's two eldest sons should receive the titles of Prince of Canada and Prince of Australia respectively. Would this not, however, be implicitly turning a Dominion and a Commonwealth into a Principality?

Lieutenant H. E. M. Douglas, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, is to be decorated with the Victoria Cross

on an early occasion by the King. Lieutenant Douglas, who is the youngest son of Mr. George A. Douglas, of Kingston, Jamaica, showed great gallantry and devotion during the action at Magersfontein in December 1899. He advanced in the open on that occasion under a very heavy fire, in order that he might attend Captain Gordon, of the Gordon Highlanders, who, wounded himself, was yet attending to wounded men—Major Robinson and others—under a terrific rain of bullets. This deed did not stand alone; it was repeated here and there throughout the fight upon that stubborn field.

Easter Sunday is also Studio Sunday for the Members and Associates of the Academy this year. As a consequence several of these—Mr. Tuke of the number—opened their studios last Sunday by preference. Mr. Sargent, however, will be at home over Easter, and Mr. Stanhope Forbes has come from Newlyn to give the accustomed private view.

That Mr. Merriman may, as it were, "go one better" than his proposed appearance at the Bar of the House, it has been suggested to Mr. John Redmond that a Nationalist member should accommodately resign his seat for a little, and that the Parliamentary vacancy should be filled by the election of Mr. Merriman. The Bond party at the Cape would thus secure direct representation in the House of Commons, and its deputy would be able to address Parliament on the South African question. The

suggestion, it is said, had Mr. Redmond's favourable consideration, and was thought to be not wholly impracticable.

Mr. Reginald Macleod, whose days this week at the Census Office at Millbank have been busy, has held the post of Registrar-General for the last eleven years. Born in 1847, he is a son of Macleod of Macleod of Dunvegan Castle, Isle of Skye. Educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge (where he took his B.A.), he became in due course Inspector of Factories and Queen's and Lord Treasurer's Remembrancer. Mr. Macleod married Lady Agnes Northcote, eldest daughter of the first Earl of Idlesleigh, an alliance which brought him more closely into relations with the public and official life of his country.

We are requested to state that in response to the Commander-in-Chief's appeal for winter comforts for the troops in South Africa, Mrs. Rimington and Miss Haig are interesting themselves in the collection of flannel clothing for the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons. The articles will be despatched towards the end of April. All parcels sent to 73, Cadogan Gardens, S.W., will be gratefully received and duly acknowledged.

The Earl of Hopetoun has left Sydney for Melbourne in order to complete the arrangements for the reception of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York.

Admiral Sir E. R. Fremantle, appointed Naval Aide-de-Camp to the King, is the fourth son of the first Lord Cottesloe. Entering the Navy fifty-two years ago, when he was thirteen, he became a Lieutenant in 1857, and a Captain ten years afterwards, reaching the rank of Rear-Admiral in 1885, and that of Admiral in 1896. His chief services have been in the Burmese War of 1852, in the Ashanti War of 1874, in the blockade of the East Coast of Africa in 1889, and in the Vita punitive expedition of 1890. He was made a K.C.B.

in 1889, and received the G.C.B. in 1899, in which year his tenure of the Command-in-Chief at Plymouth came to a close. The Admiral has been severely wounded, has been awarded several medals, some for saving life at sea, and one by the Royal United Service Institution for a prize essay on Naval Tactics. He is also the author of the chapters on Hawke and Boscawen in "From Howard to Nelson," and has written on his own subjects in various magazines. He married Barberina, daughter of Dr. Mackintosh Isaacs, of New South Wales.

The photographs of the *Discovery* which we published last week were unfortunately credited to the wrong firm instead of to Messrs. Valentine and Sons, Dundee, whose work they are.

Captain William Henry May, M.V.O., Director of Naval Ordnance, has been selected for the appointment of Controller of the Navy, in succession to Rear-Admiral Wilson, who takes command of the Channel Squadron. Captain May, who was born in 1849, entered the Navy when he was fourteen. He served in the Arctic Expedition; he annexed Christmas Island; he has been a Flag-Captain on the China Station, a Naval Attaché for Europe, an Assistant Director of Torpedoes, and a Chief of the Staff on the Mediterranean Station, and again for the Jubilee Review. He was in command of the naval contingent in London for the Diamond Jubilee Procession of 1897, and he has done duty as Captain of the *Excellent*.

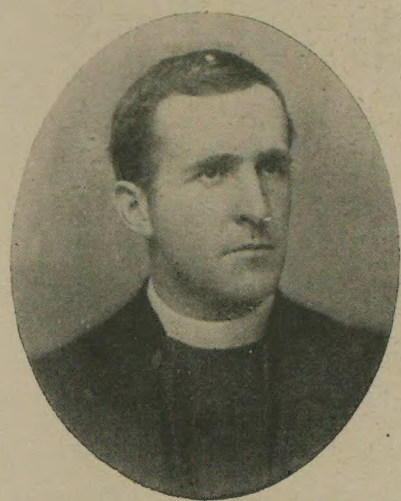


Photo. Aney, Portsmouth.
THE REV. COSMO GORDON LANG,
New Canon of St. Paul's.



Photo. Russell, Southsea.
REAR-ADMIRAL A. W. MOORE, C.B.,
New Commander-in-Chief of the West African
Station.

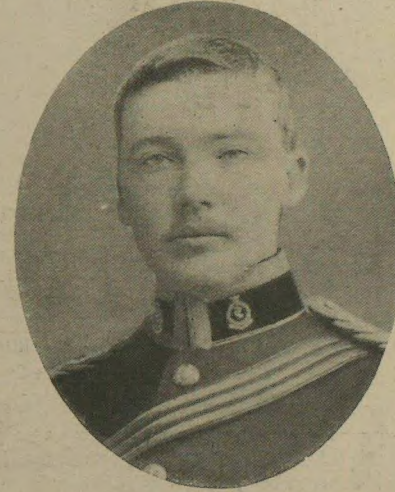


Photo. Elliott, Aldershot.
LIEUTENANT H. E. M. DOUGLAS,
Awarded V.C. for Gallantry at Magersfontein.

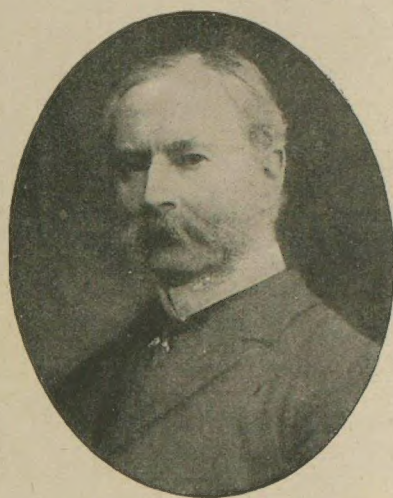


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. R. MACLEOD, C.B.,
Registrar-General and Chief Census Officer.



Photo. Russell, Southsea.
ADMIRAL SIR E. R. FREMANTLE,
Naval A.D.C. to the King.



Photo. Russell, Southsea.
CAPTAIN W. H. MAY, M.V.O.,
New Controller of the Navy.



THE LATE REV. J. STONEHOUSE,
Murdered at Tientsin.



THE WATER JUMP.



THE FINISH: MR. BLETSOE'S GRUDON WINS.



BARSAC AND GRUDON IN THE Paddock BEFORE THE RACE.



MR. BLETSOE LEADING GRUDON INTO THE Paddock AFTER THE RACE.

THE RACE FOR THE GRAND NATIONAL IN A SNOWSTORM, MARCH 29.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. MARK COOK, CHESTER.



THE BAR POINT-TO-POINT STEEPLECHASES: THE INNS OF COURT OPEN RACE; MR. W. F. PHILPOTTS, ON CROMABOO, LEADING AT THE SECOND OBSTACLE.



THE BAR POINT-TO-POINT STEEPLECHASES: AT THE POST FOR THE HEAVY-WEIGHT RACE.

Photo. F. Baker.

JOB STONOR'S SECRET.

By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.



Illustrated by A. Forestier.

I HAVE heard people say, on their first acquaintance with Saybourne, that the dear old church was built not so much for the village as for the Manor-House and the Rectory. It certainly lay between them, on the opposite side of the way.

The pretty well-kept churchyard was screened from the road by a high hedge, in which an undergrowth of horn-beam was in summer-time blotted out of sight by a luxuriant mantle, part dog-roses and part honeysuckle.

At the upper end of this lovely summer fence was a lane which went on past the church to a picturesque half-timbered cottage, with a parlour and a kitchen on the ground-floor, a snug bed-room, and large closet or store-room above. Beyond this cottage the lane dwindled to a narrow pathway, and finally came to a sudden ending, when the five-barred gate of a meadow stopped the way.

A well-kept garden went round the cottage and ended behind it in a spinney; here the earliest primroses were to be found, and beyond the spinney was the ditch that bordered the meadow.

On my first visit to the churchyard I saw that loving hands tended the flowers on the graves. Presently, going on behind the church, I came upon a tall, spare man bending over a climbing rose which the wind had loosened from the cross to which it had been fastened.

He looked up and pulled off his hat, showing thereby a mass of long grey hair—too grey, I fancied, for the age of his delicate face. The smile in his pleasant eyes was as

sweet as a woman's, and his thin hands, with their pale, slender fingers, had also a feminine aspect. The dignity of his manner, and reticence in his talk, however, were distinctly masculine. Raymond had spoken to me of Job Stonor, the verger, and I at once recognised him.

"It is you, then," I said, "who takes such care of the flowers here? This is the most interesting graveyard I ever saw; everything looks so well cared for."

He shook his head and smiled.

"I wish I could think so, Ma'am. I do what I can; but I shouldn't take credit for it, Ma'am; I love gardening for its own sake."

"I love gardening, too," I said. "You must come up one morning to the Rectory, Mr. Stonor; we have plenty of old-fashioned plants which want dividing, and you may like to have some for your graves."

"I can only plant a few, as I like some of the old ones," he said, "thank you all the same, Ma'am."

"Have you always been fond of gardening?"

"Always fond of flowers, but not of gardening till I came here, Ma'am."

He looked sad, and I did not like to question him. Presently he said, "I'm glad to think the Rectory garden has a mistress fond of flowers. Don't you think, Ma'am, country people should by rights be better than Londoners, on account of the flowers?"

I did not quite understand, and I suppose I looked questioning.

"Seems to me, Ma'am, they're so pure, so fresh and spotless; the likeliest to them in innocence is a new-born

babe, and we can't tell how soon a taint won't show in the fairest babe that's born."

I felt a great interest in my new acquaintance; he seemed different from ordinary people; I wondered about him. He did not speak like a countryman, and I fancied he had been used to other surroundings.

"You live near, I suppose?"

He saw me look at the cottage, and he smiled.

"Will you walk in and rest, Ma'am?" Then as I thanked him and said I would come another day, he went on: "Such a day as it is, you must like to be in the air all you can, Ma'am. The sunshine seems to find its way beyond the body: it gladdens one's heart. Please excuse me for prosing, Ma'am."

"I do not call it prosing, it interests me; I like listening to you."

His smile was singularly sweet as he shook his head.

"Thank you for saying so, Ma'am; maybe I wouldn't talk just so with everyone; you, Ma'am, set me thinking out loud."

"But you are not ashamed of such thoughts?"

"No, no, God forbid, it's not that; but it seems like forcing oneself, taking advantage of a kind listener; for you, Ma'am, must have plenty of your own thoughts to commune with."

I looked from him in the direction of the cottage. The sun shone on its windows, and on the white stone before the threshold; everything seemed dainty and spotless.

"Do you live alone, or—?"

He broke into my sentence. There was a look of



I came upon a tall, spare man bending over a climbing rose which the wind had loosened from the cross to which it had been fastened.

terror in his pale blue eyes, as if he feared I should finish it.

"Yes, I live alone, and have done so for years. Some day I should take it as a great kindness, Ma'am, if I might show you my little garden."

"I should greatly like to see it; even from here I can make out climbing roses. What is that graceful climber over your porch?"

"That with the tawny flowers, Ma'am? I call it the 'Glory Flower,' but it owns a longer name, though I don't mind it. I'll take some cuttings for the Rectory; there's no plant easier to strike. Last year it grew thirteen feet, far above the porch."

His pale eyes kindled, and a hectic flush showed on his thin face; it was easy to see how dearly he loved his flowers.

"You are rather lonely out here, are you not?"

He thought before he answered.

"No, Ma'am; I can't say I'm lonely; this place"—he looked round at the headstones and crosses—"is full of friends. I can no longer see them, but they're very present to me while I'm tending their resting-place. You've seen that picture, Ma'am, of the Resurrection? 'Tis by some great Italian painter: the heavens above are opening, and, below, the ground parts here and there, and bodies rise in answer to the call they hear—the trumpet-notes of the Resurrection."

"That picture is in Italy; I have seen a print of it."

"Yes, yes; their spirits are often here, I am sure of that, but when that trumpet sounds, an answer will come from every grave, and all who are left will see them. No, I could not be lonely here." His eyes glistened and his voice grew earnest. "The flowers, too, keep me company." He looked cautiously round, to make sure he was not overheard. "I call them whispers from Heaven, Ma'am, to mind me there's another world, and to give comfort in this. Most of all the tall white lilies: they're full of whispers."

I wanted to call on the village schoolmistress and on the dressmaker; glancing up at the church clock, I saw that I must leave my interesting friend. With a promise that I would soon call to see his garden, I quitted the churchyard.

II.

Mrs. Stubbs, the schoolmistress, was certainly a great contrast to the verger. Short, stout, and wooden-faced, with straight eyebrows and high cheekbones, she could talk of nothing but her duties, and about these she was sensible and satisfactory. It seemed to me she was a valuable and reliable helper; but for all that, I would not speak to her about Job Stonor: it was unlikely she could understand him. I was in want of a tidy needlewoman, and asked her whether there was one in Saybourne; she directed me to the Miss Masons' cottage.

The two sisters were another contrast—rosy-faced eager-eyed Virginia, and tall, quiet Adelaide. A few minutes' talk about what I needed done showed me how very capable Adelaide was, and how well the pair pulled together. I told myself that I might safely question Miss Mason about the verger.

To my surprise she answered that she knew nothing about him, except that he paid his way, and tended those graves which had no one else to care for them, and also those trusted to his care by relatives of the departed.

"Has he no one belonging to him? He looks very delicate, as though he himself needed care."

"Yes," Adelaide said, "I fancy he's in a decline, poor soul!"

Virginia had kept in the background: she now bustled forward so eagerly that her tight stays clicked.

"They do say, Ma'am, that he has a wife in London, and because he loves flowers he deserted her to come and live in the country."

I felt troubled. Adelaide said—

"You know that's only gossip, Virginia; I for one don't believe it. Mr. Stonor's a good man; he pays his way, and he goes to church whenever it's open."

"That don't prove nothing," Virginia laughed; "the Scribes and Pharisees surely paid their way, and they were always in the Temple. You mark me, Addie, there's plenty of hypocrites abroad."

I thought the elder sister looked genuinely distressed, and I talked of something else.

In the evening Raymond asked how I had spent my afternoon, and I told him.

"There seems to be some mystery attached to the verger," he said. "My predecessor told me he believed the man's story was a sad one—domestic trouble of some kind. Stonor himself is thoroughly respectable, though he does not wish his past inquired into. He has been here ten years or so. I fancy Mr. Collins knew more, but was not free to speak of it. He went so far as to recommend the poor fellow to my special care; he said he only wished there were more like Stonor in the village."

"Then I suppose he's not popular?"

"He's not disliked. Both Markham, at the Brook Mill, and that jolly blacksmith told me Stonor was a very good fellow; 'a trifle melancholy,' Harry added."

"Miss Mason praised him."

"Ah, but you should have asked Mrs. Stubbs; she is full of his praises. He's fond of children, it seems, and Stubbs says he doesn't spoil them, but bids them hurry on to school if he sees them lagging by the way."

I laughed.

"So much for my wisdom: I fancied she would not appreciate his refinement."

"She's his nearest neighbour, and she's no fool; she observes more than you would think."

We found, however, that just a few of the villagers disliked the verger, shook their heads and looked mysterious when he was spoken about; but as there was nothing to justify this sort of prejudice, we paid no attention to the half-uttered warnings, and became attached to the quiet, solitary man.

The ground of Tryphena Wood's dislike to the verger was that if he were really good, "he'd put a shilling now an' then in a honest woman's pocket as 'ud clean his floors an' that, which 'taint in natur a man can do hisself same way as a female; he didn't oughter try."

I longed to say that Stonor's floor was always scrupulously clean; but I was unwilling to offend Tryphena, and held my peace.

Later in the year, when I took Stonor the plants of sea-holly and of white evening primrose he wished for, I asked him how he managed to do without help? My question seemed to amuse him.

"I don't mind telling you, Ma'am, but I *am* helped now and again. There's a poor bent old creature, with a vagabond son, and he's seldom at home. Sometimes she goes tramping about with him, but when she's in her little hut, up there, Ma'am, behind the wood, she's thankful to earn a meal or so. She won't take money lest Luke should find it and spend it in drink."

"I did not know anyone lived there. Would she like us to go and see her?"

"I think not, Ma'am. She says her son won't have a soul but herself in his cottage, so I've never been there. She's a kind, harmless old body, and"—he added, with a smile of content—"she knows no one to gossip with." He flushed as he ended. I could not help wondering what he had to hide from gossip. He quickly turned my attention to the flowers.

"And you say, Ma'am, that lovely white blossom only opens at six o'clock! 'Tis wonderful, the dutiful ways of plants and flowers. I thank you, Ma'am, for the gift of it, and because you have given me a help with the little ones; 'twill be a living text for me to preach from when I see them going late to school. If you'll kindly place yourself here, Ma'am"—we were in his garden, and he pointed to a seat under the porch—"you'll command a view of the school-house gate."

"Troublesome little things; I'm afraid they plague the schoolmistress!"

"It's all in her day's work, Ma'am. She don't grumble or expect all the little hills to be made straight for her. Maybe she's glad of small troubles to take her thoughts from their anxious straying. Did you know, Ma'am, her husband is afflicted, and has to live away from her. He was so much worse after he last saw her that she dares not ask to go again." Stonor coughed while he spoke; it seemed to me he had become thinner and paler.

"I'm afraid you're not very strong?"

He coughed again; it seemed a hard, tiresome cough.

"I was strong enough once, Ma'am." I suppose I looked anxiously at him, for he smiled as he met my eyes. "You are so very kind that I'm afraid of wearying you with my troubles"; his eyes looked strangely pathetic as he lowered his voice. "A heavy sorrow came to me once, Ma'am, and I've never been, so to say, well since." A fresh fit of coughing seemed almost to choke him; I fancied it was caused by his effort at confidence. His hand trembled as he wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. "I went on for months, hoping against hope"—he paused—"for that which never came," he said slowly.

"You must go in and rest now." I led the way into the neatly ordered cottage, always fresh and airy; Job Stonor loved open windows.

He drew a chair forward for me.

"No, I am going to take you in hand, Stonor. I know something of nursing, and if I stay, you'll talk to me, and you had better not talk just now. I shall ask Dr. Dacre to call on you; he'll give you something to ease that cough."

He thanked me, and in answer to my inquiry, owned that he had had a disturbed night. He said this with a smile, as if he did not in any way regret the loss of sleep.

I had heard him tell Mrs. Stubbs he believed we were not meant to sorrow for anything except sin.

As I was leaving him the birds began their evening song.

"Do but listen, Ma'am," he said; "the birds and the flowers have taught me many a lesson in praise and thanksgiving since I came to the country; till this last week or so there was a nightingale used to pour out song all the night through in the spinney yonder, and at dawn the lark began his hymn of praise."

When I spoke to Dr. Dacre, he promised to call on the verger, but he said he feared the man would never lose his cough. "It has come to stay," the doctor said rather sadly.

III.

It was a day in March that reminded one of highly polished steel; sunshine glittered brilliantly on everything, but there was no glow in the glare of light; so keen a wind swept round the corners that it seemed to cut

one's eyes and nose and fingers. I had been gardening, cutting back a purple clematis, which should have been seen to a month earlier, if there had not been so much sickness in the village. An inroad of influenza had kept us both extremely busy, but Mary Stenson had helped us wonderfully. It was a relief when she said she should not leave the Manor-House till May, for she had gone away early in the previous year with her father to the Riviera.

"Put on your gloves"—she was talking to me while I transplanted my pansies—"your fingers are blue with cold. What are you going to do with that little heap of green things?"

"I beg you to speak more respectfully of my pet children; those are for Job Stonor. He wants them for a grave for which he says Heartsease is especially suited."

"Poor man; I heard his cough as I came out of church. Shall I call in as I go back, and take him your pansies?"

"No, thank you; I have not been up to see him very lately, there has been so much illness at the other end of the village."

I had intended to follow my friend as soon as possible, but there was a long delay before I could get away: our cook's broths and puddings had become extremely popular, and when I saw one child making her way to our gate, I remembered that three others had been told to come on the same errand, and that each would probably have a message for me. By the time I was ready to start, it was growing dark and the wind was even keener than it had been earlier. As I looked up the hill, the scarlet light of sunset dazzled me; the leafless tree-branches looked black against the scarlet and orange and, higher up, the primrose-tinted sky. This year the tree-buds had swelled prematurely, and as the branches crossed, the black twigs standing out from them looked double their natural size.

I shivered and drew my cloak round me as I went up the bit of hill between the Rectory and the church.

I told myself I was too late: it would not do for poor Stonor to come out and garden in the keen wind; I could have planted the pansies on the graves, but he might not like me to offer to do this.

I heard his hard cough as I unlatched his garden gate. I found him by his fireside, crouching as though he felt the cold.

"I have brought you the pansy-roots; they are packed in damp moss, and if I put the basket in your shed I think they will be all right till to-morrow."

"Don't you think I might set them to-night, Ma'am—when you've been so very kind as to bring them? Besides, I've a feeling it's not kind to the plants themselves to keep their roots above ground." A fit of coughing interrupted him.

"I'm afraid you mustn't think of going out in this keen wind. I have often followed your advice, and now you will take mine, will you not? I'll come up to-morrow by daylight, and tell you their names as you plant them."

I went into the little wood-shed, and put the basket in a sheltered corner. Stonor always declined any offers of help; he said it was robbing others who needed it more than he did; but my cook had become proud of her popular puddings, and she had begged me to ask if she should not send the verger one. I told him this, and promised to bring it when I came up.

"But I must say good-night," I said, laughing, "or I shall lose my way in the dark."

He looked at me earnestly.

"Not you, Ma'am"—his smile was singularly bright; "kindly light' will lead you. I was bent on telling you a story; but not to-night, Ma'am, not to-night."

He looked so weak this evening that I felt sad as I left the cottage.

"I wonder why?" I asked myself. "I ought to be glad that the poor fellow is going, as he says, home; he can hardly find happiness in his solitary life."

And yet tears filled my eyes as I thought how much Raymond and I should miss the verger.

"If he will only tell his story, we might be able to give him some comfort."

It was very strange. I have never been able to explain why this reflection should come to me as I went down the lane. I was startled when someone spoke to me at the corner, so greatly startled that I did not make out what was said.

A tall woman, dressed in black, was standing close to me. She held her cloak together with one hand, with the other she pulled a veil close over her mouth, and this, perhaps, had made her words indistinct.

"I beg your pardon. What did you say?"

"I asked if the cottage of a man called Job Stonor is near here?"

I looked hard at her as she spoke. There was yet glimmer enough in the sky behind me to show a face that had perhaps been pretty, with a roughened mass of fair hair showing under her black hat. She spoke as if she were more educated than courteous. A sudden unaccountable instinct told me this woman was the verger's wife.

"I have just left his cottage; there it is, behind the churchyard."

She was hurrying on without a word, but I caught her cloak.

"Wait a moment Job Stonor is very ill, and needs care; he has a bad cough, and he cannot speak much."

She turned and looked at me.

"May I ask who you are?" she said coldly.

"I am the wife of the Rector here."

"Good-night, Ma'am."

She went on quickly to the cottage.

IV.

Job Stonor sat looking into the fire. He was wondering why he had so nearly betrayed his secret to Mrs. Harle. The past had risen before him in such a vivid picture; that night when he had come home full of health and joy to tell his wife, his Lizzie, of the blessing that had come to him in his uncle's legacy. How much easier he should now be able to make Lizzie's life! He saw the house once more, without a ray of light in it, except in the kitchen-window, for they had a servant in those days. But when he let himself in, how dark it was! There was no light in the room where his wife usually sat reading, for she had given up the habit she once had of welcoming him at the door.

He struck a light; everything looked as usual, but on the table was a letter addressed to him by his wife—a letter which had not been posted. There were only a few words. He writhed now as he sat, and tried not to remember them. He could not, however, forget their meaning. She said she had left him for ever, not for the sake of any other, but because she owed a duty to her own *mind*, to the gifts given her, gifts which she could never fully develop in her position as his wife. He had sought to find her—oh, how constantly he had sought!—and only when health and strength failed him he gave up his quest and left London.

He groaned; his anguish was so keen that he did not hear the gate click as the woman who had spoken to the Rector's wife unlatched it; she then knocked with her fist at the cottage-door, being too nervous, she said afterwards, to find out the small black knocker. Breathlessly listening for an answer, she heard the deep echoing cough. At this sound a wild panic seized on her: fear for Job Stonor's life overcame the nervous dread she had of meeting his eyes. She opened the door.

The firelight glimmered through the glass pane above the kitchen entrance, and guided her rightly. When she opened the inner door she saw in the firelight her husband's pale wasted face peering forward at the sound of this unusual entrance. For a moment, shocked and crushed by the change she saw, she shrank back. Then, as he rose and came towards her, his arms outstretched and the light of a long-forgotten joy in his eyes, she tottered back against the wall, covered her eyes with her hands, and sobbed.

He had reached her now; his poor thin hands were on her shoulders, while she strove for words that would not come.

"Lizzie, my Lizzie," he said tenderly, as if he were speaking to a child, "won't you kiss me, dear?"

His voice brought her back to herself. She clasped both hands round one of his, raised it to her lips, and kissed it.

"I do not deserve you should be good to me, Job; but then you always were. Can you call me your Lizzie before you know whether I deserve it?"

He drew her forward, and placed her in his own chair beside the fire.

With his hand still on her shoulder, "I know you well enough to be sure of that," he said, with a quiet dignity that awed the agitated woman; "you would not have come home else. You must always be my wife, come what will between us. 'Those whom God hath joined together,' you remember, dear. The unspeakable tone in his words brought tears to her hard eyes.



I looked hard at her as she spoke.

"God help me! I did not know you were ill," she said humbly.

"I shall get well now, wife; it is only a cough, but summer will cure it. You are tired, and hungry, too," he said in a changed tone. "Come, come, sit still, my girl, and I'll see what I can find to cheer you."

She was tired and hungry, too; but the sight of her thin, worn husband, aged and grey-haired long before nature would have made him so, roused the woman's better feelings. She forgot her selfishness—the selfish vanity which had made her desert him because she thought wifely duties hindered her intellectual development; she put her strong arm round Stonor, and, kissing him, she made him sit in his chair.

"Keep still, dear; I'm come home to be a wife to you, Job, not a visitor."

THE END.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

It is curious to notice how in the immense wilderness of East London religious workers of different denominations may labour for years without ever coming into contact with each other. I understand, for instance, that the Bishop-designate of London, during all his years in the East End, never met the leaders of the great Wesleyan Mission.

The late Miss Charlotte Yonge was closely attached to the parish church of Otterbourne. She remembered the old church, which was standing when Keble came to the parish, and which was restored mainly by the exertions of her father, Mr. William Crawley Yonge. In an amusing set of verses, written two or three years before her death, Miss Yonge described the village choir, which from the gallery droned out Tate and Brady's music. Only one service was held at the church in her girlhood, and there were no Sunday schools until her parents started them.

The very valuable series of addresses given by the Rev. Roland Allen at St. Bride's, Fleet Street, came to an end on Monday. Mr. Allen paid a tribute to the stability of the Chinese converts, and believes their character will gain by the persecution. He protested strongly against the absurd charges levelled at converts of being "rice Christians." The truth is that the missionaries are so afraid of there being an ulterior motive in a man who expresses himself anxious to accept Christianity that their work is sometimes handicapped and earnest men are discouraged.

The Church Catechism has been translated into Luganda, and five thousand copies are to be sent out to Uganda immediately.

Few people have any idea that there still prevails in the City of London the custom of using Good Friday for spring cleaning in business offices. Archdeacon Sinclair's letter protesting against this practice should have a good influence, but no traditions are so hard to uproot as those of the old City firms.

The *Record* has made a useful summary of the statistics given in the official year-book with regard to clerical incomes. The average net income of the clergy works out at £249 per benefice. The lowest averages are those in the

Welsh dioceses, and in that of Sodor and Man, where the average is only £161. In the great towns the average rises, and we have Manchester with £334, Rochester and Liverpool with £341, and London with £428. The average is raised by the various "good livings" which are to be found in the large centres. The *Record* quotes the saying of the old Oxford professor: "You may get a St. Paul for nothing, but you can't get one for £200 a year," and urges that the laity should relieve their spiritual teachers from the harassing cares of poverty.

The Archdeacon of Furness, the Venerable Phillips Thompson, has been appointed by the Bishop of Carlisle to the Canonry of Carlisle Cathedral, vacant by the death of Canon Richmond. The new Canon has been connected with the diocese since 1861.

V.



CRICKET ON THE PROMENADE DECK OF THE "OPHIR."

FROM A SKETCH BY SUB-LIEUTENANT J. B. WATERLOW, R.N., H.M.S. "OPHIR."



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS GOING ASHORE AT GIBRALTAR THROUGH A DOUBLE LINE OF BOATS FROM THE CHANNEL FLEET, MARCH 20.

FROM A SKETCH BY SUB-LIEUTENANT J. B. WATERLOW, R.N., H.M.S. "OPHIR."

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK'S COLONIAL TOUR: SCENES AT GIBRALTAR.

Further particulars and additional illustrations of the Duke of York's visit to Gibraltar, which we briefly chronicled last week, have now been received. The *Ophir* arrived at Gibraltar early on the morning of March 20, after a rather boisterous passage between Cape Finisterre and Cape St. Vincent. The storm, however, had abated before Gibraltar was reached, and on the morning of the arrival glorious weather prevailed, with sunshine and a north-westerly breeze. At noon, their Royal Highnesses landed at the Dockyard, where they were received by the Governor of Gibraltar, Sir George White, and Lady White, attended by the military staff. Sir Harry Rawson and the principal officers of the fleet were also present, and a naval guard of honour was mounted on the quay. The Duke and Duchess came ashore from the *Ophir* on the Admiralty boat, rowed by sixteen picked seamen, preceded by a steam-launch. As the distinguished visitors passed down the gangway of the *Ophir* the war-ships fired a salute, which was taken up by the shore batteries as the boat drew up at the Dockyard. Sir George and Lady White expressed the gratification of Gibraltar at the visit of their Royal Highnesses, and their little daughter presented a bouquet to the Duchess. The visitors then drove to the Commercial Exchange, where a halt was made while Mr. Mosley, President of the Chamber of Commerce, read an address of welcome. The Duke of Cornwall and York, in his reply, returned thanks for the heartiness of



ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS AT THE EXCHANGE, GIBRALTAR: PRESENTATION OF AN ADDRESS FROM THE TOWNSPEOPLE.

the reception, and recalled his first landing on the Rock twenty-two years before. The Duke then conferred upon Mr. Mosley the Companionship of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

In the afternoon the Duke and Duchess came ashore again to visit the Docks and the new detached Mole. Together their Royal Highnesses placed in position one of the last of the huge concrete blocks which composed the structure. In the evening a banquet, followed by a

the *Ophir* in the evening. Towards nightfall the weather happily moderated, and the fleet was brilliantly illuminated, while a display of fireworks was given on the Mole and a great bonfire lighted at the Signal Station. It was, however, impossible to carry out the procession of illuminated boats and the torch-light procession on shore. At nine on the following morning, amid salutes from the shore batteries, the *Ophir* left Gibraltar and proceeded on her way to Malta.

reception, was held at Government House. During the proceedings four ladies of Gibraltar, on behalf of the townspeople, presented the Duchess with a Spanish mantilla.

The next day's proceedings were unfortunately spoilt by the weather, which had again become boisterous and inclement. Owing to the downpour of rain the projected review was abandoned, and the Duke and Duchess remained on the *Ophir* until a quarter past one. At that hour the Admiral's barge conveyed the members of the suite on board the *Majestic*, whither the Duke and Duchess shortly afterwards proceeded in a second steam-barge. Admiral Rawson welcomed his guests on the deck of the flag-ship, and luncheon was served in the port battery of the upper deck.

Several excursions on shore had been projected for the afternoon, but as the weather still continued to be of the very worst, it was hopeless to think of carrying out the programme. The day's festivities, therefore, included only the lunch on the *Majestic*, and a banquet on board



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS LANDING AT THE DOCKYARD, GIBRALTAR, TO INSPECT THE NEW DOCK-WORKS.

Photo. C. F. Cronin.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE OF 1901.



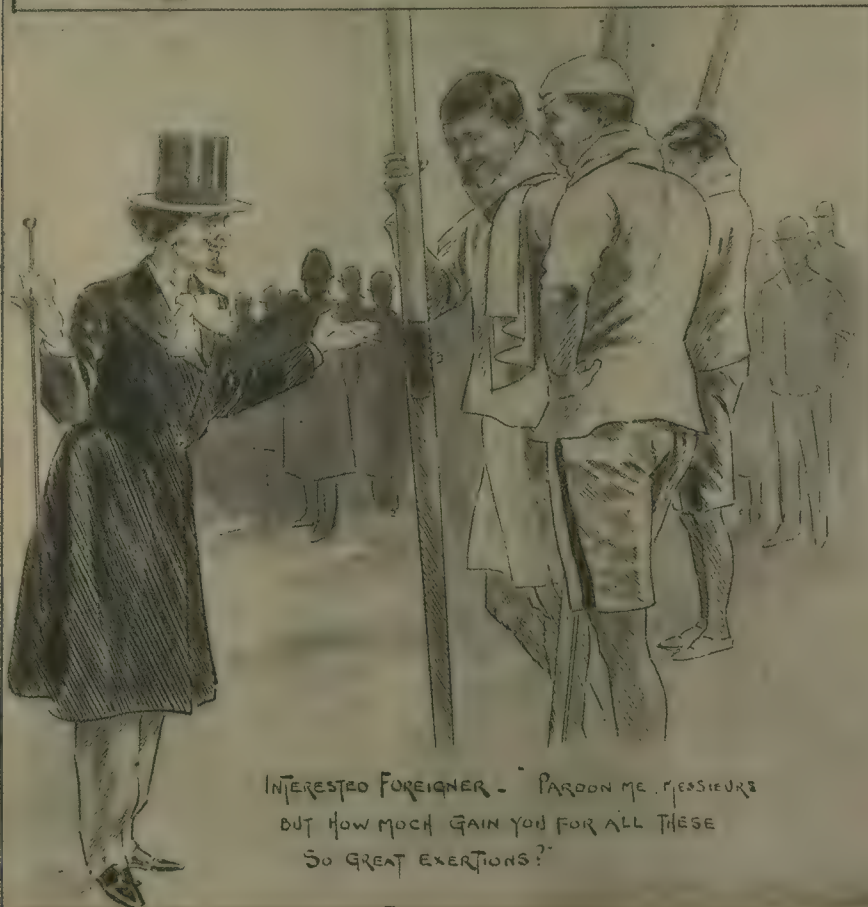
"SHALL I BE ABLE TO WEAR CAMBRIDGE
WHEN I GO TO HEAVEN, MAMA?"
"NO, DEAR."
"THEN HOW WILL THE ANGELS KNOW WHICH SIDE I'M ON?"



(1ST GENT) WELL SIR WE ROW IN THE SAME
BOAT TODAY"
(2ND DITTO) WITH WHAT DIFFERENT SKULLS SIR!"



"DELIGHT OF OLD TEMPERANCE PARTY
AT SEEING SO MANY PEOPLE
WEARING THE BLUE RIBBON"



INTERESTED FOREIGNER - "PARDON ME, MESSIEURS
BUT HOW MUCH GAIN YOU FOR ALL THESE
SO GREAT EXERTIONS?"



OLD LADY, WHO HAS
RETAINED THE FIELD GLASSES
DURING THE WHOLE RACE "LET ME SEE
YOUNG MAN - THESE ARE YOURS, I THINK"
YOUNG MAN. "WELL I WAS JUST BEGINNING TO WONDER"



By permission of the British Photographic Company.

SWIFT AND STELLA.

FROM THE PAINTING BY MARGARET ISABEL DICKSEE.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

There is, while I write, an important strike at Montcaules-Mines among the colliers. At Marseilles there is much wider-spread labour trouble, which is not only paralysing at present the whole of the life of the great seaport, but which, however quickly adjusted, is sure to produce most baneful effects for months, if not for years. To those who know political France as I happen to know it, there is not the faintest doubt about both these troubles having been duly fostered from a distance—not to mince words, about their having been prepared by the Socialist Committees inside and outside the Palais-Bourbon. Equally is there no doubt about those strikes increasing in number and in volume as we proceed, and about capital finally taking the heroic measure of retiring maimed and crippled from the field, lest it be killed altogether: that is, capital will effect some compromise by which it will leave its manufacturing plant and buildings to this or that so-called co-operative association, at a hire which will or will not be paid, according to the power of the Socialistic factions of destroying each other.

Of course, all this will not happen in a month or in a year, but it is certain to happen finally, unless there arise another Napoleon I. to evolve social cosmos from social chaos by means of an absolutely military despotism. Those who are watching the horizon for the apparition of such a figure fail to perceive the faintest traces of it. Naturally, the thing I predicted as pretty sure to happen in the cases of manufacturing and mining centres will not assume a like shape in towns like Havre and Marseilles. Their carrying trade and consequent prosperity will be removed to foreign parts, and the reader may believe me that, exaggeration though it may seem on my side to write this, I am not evolving it from my own imagination.

Nero is supposed to have fiddled while Rome was burning. He himself was suspected of having set fire to the city. Paris will go on dancing and play-acting and enjoying herself while the rest of industrial and commercial France is smouldering; and agricultural France will go on producing and selling to the capital and to the provincial centres: wine-growing France will do the same. A strike of some kind in the French metropolis is always more or less diverting, and is of not much consequence, as was shown lately by that of the dressmakers. Strikes in agricultural and wine-growing France are almost impossible; for Socialism has not the slightest hold on the French peasantry.

Paris will continue to enjoy herself as she has done for years, utterly regardless, not to say oblivious, of the five hundred and eighty-one individuals repairing to the Palais-Bourbon every afternoon to enact laws in favour of this or against that section of society. Paris has long ago taken the measure of those self-styled saviours of the country, and of the journals that chronicle their doings. They—the saviours—and their organs might be a hundred thousand miles away from the banks of the Seine, and Paris would not lift a finger to bring them back. They may remain where they are, and Paris will not lift a finger to remove them. Paris, in fact, calls them *farceurs*, and sometimes Paris adds the adjective *lugubres*.

The capital has not been very gay of late, but neither the Socialists nor the Moderates need lay the flattering unction to their souls that it is the political situation which has caused the depression. Even the most ardent Catholics do not propose to go into sackcloth and ashes because the religious orders are threatened. The ardent Catholic knows that those religious orders have what the Deputies have not—namely, a spirit of discipline, a faculty for sticking together, and that therefore pretty nearly every enactment against them is useless. Nor is the lack of gaiety caused by the reports from the strike-centres. Paris is simply "somewhat in the dumps" on account of the weather, which has been most trying, and almost wholly prevented all outdoor recreation. The Boulevards, the Champs Elysées, and the Bois de Boulogne are something like a mockery with the thermometer at 37 degrees in the shade and no sun to record the alternative, not to mention the sleet and the snow. Naturally, there are lots of indoor amusements—the Horse Show, the Opera, M. Colonne's Concerts, and, above all, the Comédie Française, with its over-varying repertory, to which has been added the revival of Sardou's "Patrie," which in itself is worth a couple, nay, half-a-dozen, visits to the lover of perfect acting, and staging and dressing to match. Nevertheless, even all the entertainments mentioned are not doing well just now. I am under the impression that the weather, and nothing but the weather, is to blame.

Proportionately, there are fewer people in Paris keeping their own carriage than in London; and even the very best Paris theatres are not as comfortable under any circumstances as ours, and least of all under conditions of extreme temperature. Much has been done, and is being done, to improve matters in all those respects, but much more remains to be done. The reconstructed Théâtre Français, the rebuilt Opéra Comique, Madame Bernhardt's Theatre, the Porte St. Martin, under M. Coquelin's son, and the new Athénée are approaching the English standard of comfort, if the authorities would but put an end to the system of the old women who worry one in many ways and under various pretexts. The remaining theatres leave everything to desire. The people who have no carriages are worse off in Paris than in London, with its railway network and its frowsy but, nevertheless, easily accessible omnibuses. All these reasons combined are somewhat militating against the prosperity of the theatres; but when this is in print Easter will be at hand with its probably mild temperature and its influx of festively inclined Englishmen, who, whether Parisians like to own it or not, always add animation to the principal thoroughfares of their city.

The latest news from Marseilles holds out hopes of the strike being arranged; but as I pointed out just now, some of the mischief that has been done cannot be remedied, such as, for instance, the decision of M. Loubet not to visit the city on his journey southward.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

C W (Sunbury).—The problem is neither overlooked nor rejected, but we have to please so many tastes that the "old times" must take their turn with the rest. The problem is a good one, and we hope to publish it in a week or so.

A NORTH-COUNTRY READER.—The question is a difficult one, and more for Sanskrit experts than the ordinary chess editor. There does seem, however, some doubt whether the Bhavishyu-purāna does contain the statements imputed to it on second-hand information by Dr. Forbes.

F EVANS.—You must move the King, and your opponent is quite right in insisting on the penalty.

G R.—The problem is in three moves, not two, as you appear to think.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2964 received from Richard Burke (Ceylon) and E H Van Noorden (Cape Town); of No. 2967 from H S Brandreth (Rome), Emile Frau (Lyons), Henry A Donovan (Listowel), and Clement C Danby; of No. 2968 from Emile Frau (Lyons), Rev. J Thomas (Exmouth), Miss E M Thomas (Exmouth), J D Tucker (Ilkley), and Clement C Danby; of No. 2969 from J F Moon, J A S Hanbury (Moseley), Clement C Danby, Emile Frau, Rev. J Thomas, Miss E M Thomas, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), W D A Barnard (Uppingham), R Nugent (Southwold), J W (Campsie), C E H (Clifton), H S Brandreth (Rome), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Edward J Sharpe, and F Evans (Brighton).

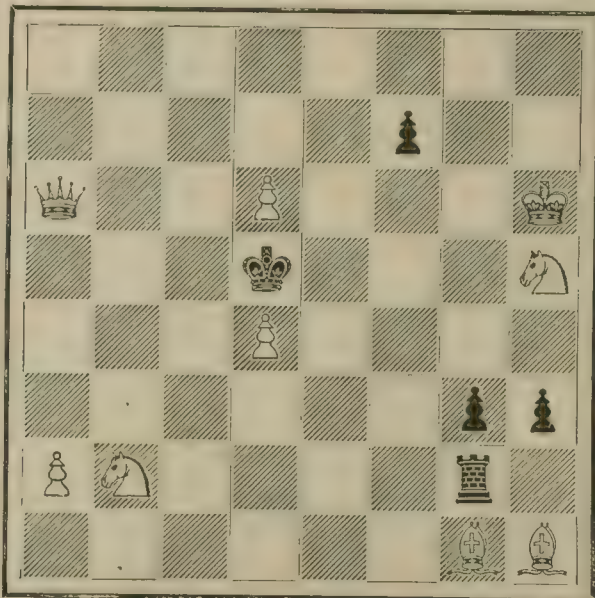
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2970 received from Miss D Gregson, Clement C Danby, J D Tucker (Ilkley), R Nugent (Southwold), F J S (Hampstead), C E H (Clifton), Alpha, C E Perugini, F Dalby, R Worters (Canterbury), J W (Campsie), Rev. J Thomas, Miss E M Thomas (Exmouth), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Charles Burnett, W D A Barnard (Uppingham), E J Winter Wood, F H Marsh (Bridport), J H Warburton Lee (Whitchurch), Shadforth, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), Edith Corser (Regate), Martin E, W A Lillico (Edinburgh), T Roberts, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), F W Moore (Brighton), Sorrento, J F Moon, H S Brandreth (Rome), and Henry A Donovan (Listowel).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2969.—By E. J. WINTER WOOD

WHITE.
1. Q to Q 8th
2. Q to Q 5th (ch)
3. Kt to Kt 5th. Mate.
If Black play 1. K to Kt 5th, 2. Q to Kt 5th (ch); and if 1. P to Kt 4th, then 2. Q to Q 4th (ch); and 3. B to R 7th, mate.

PROBLEM No. 2972.—By MRS. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in St. Louis between MESSRS. PILLSBURY and MAX JUDD.

(Ray Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. Q to B 4th	Q to Q nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	15. Q R to Q sq	B to Kt 2nd
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	16. Kt to R 4th	Kt to R 4th
4. Castles	P to Q 3d		
5. P to Q 4th	B to Q 2nd		
6. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 2nd		
7. B takes Kt	B takes B		
8. Q to Q 3rd			
It is not good to play P takes P, because of the open game and freedom which Black thereby obtains.			
9. Kt takes P	P takes P		
10. P to Q Kt 3rd	R to K sq		
11. B to Kt 2nd			
Some pretty games have resulted from this development of the Queen's Bishop. There is always the chance, later, of interesting attacking complications on the Black King's side.			
11. B to B sq			
12. K R to K sq	P to K Kt 3rd		
13. Kt takes B	P takes Kt		
White wins.			

CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played in Moscow between MESSRS. ALEXANDER and TCHIGORIN.

(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. B takes Kt	B takes B
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	20. Q takes P	P to K R 3rd
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	21. B to R 4th	P to K Kt 4th
4. P to Q Kt 4th		22. B to K Kt 3rd	Q R to Q sq
Black has to face his own pet gambit, which is not so agreeable as conducting the attack.			
4. B to B 4th	B takes P		
5. P to B 3rd	B to P 4th		
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P		
7. Castles	B to Kt 3rd		
Taking the other Pawn leads to a difficult game for the defence.			
8. P takes P	P to Q 3rd		
9. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to R 4th		
10. B to Kt 5th	P to B 3rd		
It is as used by many that this opens Black's game to his disadvantage, and that P to B 3rd cannot be good. Either Kt to K 2nd or Q to Q 2nd may be played.			
11. B to B 4th	K Kt to K 2nd		
12. B to Q 3rd	Castles		
13. P to K R 3rd	K to R sq		
14. K to R 2nd	Q Kt to B 3rd		
15. Kt to K 2nd	P to Q 4th		
16. P to K 5th	P takes P		
17. P takes P	Kt to B 4th		
18. B to K Kt 5th	Q to K sq		
The whole play turns upon this position. The sacrifice is sound, P takes B being answered by R takes Kt, with a strong attack left. It will be seen that White gives up his Queen intentionally, but the position is such that afterwards his game falls to pieces.			
25. R takes R	B to K 3rd (ch)		
26. K to Kt sq	B takes Q		
27. R takes R (ch)	K to Kt 2nd		
28. R to B 6th	B to B 5th		
29. R to K sq	Q to Kt 5th		
30. B to R 2nd	B to R 4th		
31. Kt to Kt 3rd	B takes R		
32. Kt to B 5th (ch)	K to R sq		
33. R takes P (ch)	K to Kt sq		
34. R takes Kt	Q takes Kt		
35. R takes B	Q to Kt 5th		
36. B to Kt 3rd	B takes P (ch)		
37. K takes B	Q takes P (ch)		
38. Kt to Q 2nd	Q takes Kt (ch)		
39. K to Kt sq	Q to Q 6th		
Black wins.			

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the name of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

SOME SECOND-HAND BOOKS.

The book-collector to whom the gods have vouchsafed an ambition that outruns his resources must lie in wait upon his more fortunate brethren. I do not wish to suggest that he must relieve them of their precious volumes by force or stealth, or that he may even borrow without intent to return: he must possess his soul in patience against the day when the owners of the books go to look upon their writers in the Shades, or when, while in health and strength, they change their tastes, or when they are compelled to sell. When a book-collector departs along "the path of slaves and Emperors," to meet and discuss literature or poetry with Solomon, Epicurus, Theocritus, and the rest of the Immortals, I make haste to my bookseller, and I give him a little list and a little limit. With the publication of the catalogue of the library I wrestle with my inclination to forget or disregard the Tenth Commandment, and pray that no collector better able than I to gratify expensive tastes may come between me and my desire. And one evening a parcel, sometimes bulky, more often slender, stands on my study table.

No visitor is admitted to the ceremony of introducing my new purchases to the old ones. The door is locked, the lamps are shaded, and I avoid a fire too blazing even in winter-time. I wish the new-comers to start with a feeling of repose and confidence in their fresh surroundings. String is cut quietly, brown paper removed carefully, the inner packing laid aside decorously, and the honoured guests may look towards the bookshelves that are their home. Unhappily there is one serious problem before me, a problem whose solution becomes more difficult in proportion to the literary worth of the book. It is the question of the late owner. In three cases out of four he is dead, but his death does nothing to reduce my responsibility; it tends rather to make the weight heavier. On my shelves at the present time repose many books that were the life-long friends of dead men. The departed put their bookplates where I would fain put mine, or pasted a sheet over the inside of the cover and wrote the story of their appreciation, their hopes, fears, opinions. Some, with infinite love and pains, have written verse, much of it bad, little of it really excellent, but all done in the spirit that leads a man to the confessional, or to pour out his soul in letters to the woman he loves. When a man whom I have known only as a dryasdust scholar dies in the fullness of years, and some of his treasured volumes come my way; when a glance at their pages reveals the inner heart of the dead, and lights his soul as the setting sun through some tiny window up aloft lights some saint's chapel in a vast cathedral—illuminating a painting, mosaic, or altarpiece, unsuspected and of rarest charm—then I feel that the book belongs to him and not to me. He has passed beyond the reach of any consideration I can show him; perhaps he sits at the feet of the writer he held in such respect and veneration; in any case, I like to think that if the dead man—

Not with disdain of days that were
Look earthward now,

he will rejoice to see that the best friends of his sojourn are in reverent hands. So I leave the bookplate where it stands; the comments remain undisturbed; the sonnets are not touched; and, as though in gratitude, the book responds more readily to me than I hoped—the spirit of the master glows brighter through his words.

Many are the secrets that dead lovers of literature have handed to me through the margins of the printed page, and, curiously enough, some have set them down in a foreign tongue. There are French, German, Latin, and Greek notes in various books, and at the side of a very passionate passage in a volume of Swinburne—the "Tristram of Lyonesse," to be exact—a departed scholar has penned certain passages from the "Song of Songs," in Hebrew. It is a tribute of which neither poet has reason to be ashamed. Horace and Dante are heavily marked; Cervantes' immortal narrative has been interpolated by a witty reader, who must have known Spain and the Spaniards intimately; introspection carried to a dangerous point is revealed on the margins of Rousseau's "Confessions." The "Rubaiyat" now in my possession belonged to a Hedonist, and the century-old "Paradise Lost" to a saint; Blake's poems, to a Philistine. Cardinal Newman's Sermons belong to one struggling between Atheism and Pantheism, Al Koran to a pious Moslem, who was a master of English and had great contempt for Sale's translation. Spencer's "Sociology" belonged to an admirer of Comte, his Essays to a man whose preference for James Russell Lowell as an essayist is expressed without regard to congruity.

I think the books of travel meet with most criticism. Sir John Mandeville has been through two hands: one owner was a devout believer in the printed word, the other was a better-informed man. Humboldt is heavily scored, and my "Gulliver" was formerly in the hands of a reader who could not restrain his knowledge of the political parties satirised by Swift. Captain Cook, though well thumbed, has escaped lightly with a sonnet commencing "Adventurous toiler of the seven seas." Lord Curzon's Persia has found favour in the sight of the Anglo-Indian possessor who preceded me; Laurence Oliphant's "Land of Gilead" has the bookplate of the late William Simpson, and the letter from the editor of the *Academy* sending it to him for review. Modern makers of guide-books, Augustus Hare and others, fare badly. If they have overlooked a place, or a salient fact connected with one, they are taken to task sternly; enthusiasm is not permitted to them, and restraint is interpreted as lack of appreciation. Some people want the accuracy of Baedeker and the style of Walter Pater in combination.

Let me confess I appreciate the signs of keen interest even when I smile at the form they take. A book that has been well thumbed, against whose thoughts some man struggling for "more light" has polished his own, has an appeal to me that the uncut tome can never make. While I would shrink from committing a laudatory sonnet to the title-page of Browning's poems, or an appreciation to the last page of "Richard Feverel," I am not averse from reading them with interest. If I do not embellish my books or even add to their embellishment, I have as keen an affection for them as their previous possessors, and a hope that, when the time of their scattering comes, they may fall into sympathetic hands.

S. L. B.

NEW HOSPITAL AT HALIFAX.

On Easter Tuesday there will be opened at Halifax, in Yorkshire, a new hospital of very extensive design. The main buildings and wards are arranged in two wings, consisting each of four long annexes, the general offices and other arrangements lying between. Halifax and the district cannot fail to be benefited by such adequate provision for the benevolent purpose of hospital work. On each side of the main block are two round towers, which relieve the somewhat austere effect of the flanking wards. The grounds, which are extensive, are tastefully laid out. The buildings have been designed by Mr. W. Clement Williams, F.R.I.B.A.

THE LATEST FLYING-MACHINE.

On March 27, at the Crystal Palace, the new flying-machine, the design of M. Auguste Gaudron and Mr. Cecil Barth, was tried in the Concert-Room. The contrivance is rather an air-ship than a flying-machine proper, from the fact that it depends for its support upon a cigar-shaped balloon 17 ft. in length by 3 ft. in diameter, holding about 100 cubic feet of hydrogen. The ideal flying-machine, of course, is to support itself by mechanical power apart from any balloon. Beneath the balloon in question are fixed platforms, certain of these containing a motor and fan to supply the propulsive power, the centre platform being reserved for the aeronaut who there controls the steering-gear. During the trial the machine behaved very satisfactorily, ascending and descending at any given angle and answering readily to the rudder. On a windless day the inventors hope to attain a speed of thirty miles an hour, and have in contemplation a machine to accommodate five people. The balloon of such an apparatus would have to be 100 ft. long and 30 ft. in diameter, and would require four motors, each of ten-horse power. The balloon would be made,



NEW HOSPITAL, HALIFAX, YORKSHIRE, TO BE OPENED ON EASTER TUESDAY.

"Roman Triumph," that Emperors and attendants were painted brown before they took part in street processions. The contrast between father and son is too great to convey

Pepys' Diary. Mr. Mortimer Menpes sends two large full-length figures, "Mariamne" (Miss Maud Jeffries) and "Dorothy"—the former a lady with brilliant red hair, of which the full value demands a bright-green background; the latter a child with a very unchildlike expression and an abnormal profusion of brown hair. Mr. Sheridan Knowles, Mr. G. C. Kilburne, and Mr. Gordon Browne show their usual fondness for fine clothes; and Mr. Frank Dadd follows suit in his clever picture of "Horses for the King." Miss Demaine Hammond's portrait of Mrs. Eustace, and Miss H. Halked's of Mr. G. F. Loosely, are especially commendable for both pose and draughtsmanship.

It is, however, in landscapes that the Institute generally displays the most strength, and the present exhibition is fairly supplied in this respect. Mr. Stratton Ferrier's "Edinburgh Castle" is somewhat grey, and not sufficiently frowning to suit all tastes. Mr. George C. Haité's "Granada," on the other hand, shows a good deal of restraint, with the result of conveying an imposing but unconventional idea of the great Moorish fortress and the fine stretch of the sierra beyond. Mr. R. B. Nisbet contributes at least half-a-dozen landscapes, in which there is a feeling of poetry apart from the charm of execution; and such pictures as "A Watery Moon," "A Lonely Pool at Eventide," "A Glimpse of Loch Erne," are among the most attractive in the exhibition. Mr. Hubert Lacy's "Evening on the Moors" shows considerable promise; but in this special line Mr. J. G. Sykes, in "A Woodland Path, Wharfedale," and "Rivelin Valley," stands out among the younger and less-known artists. Mr. Arthur Severn is for ever setting himself difficult tasks, and his "Spate in the Highlands" is no exception. The wonder is that he has succeeded so well when face to face with a subject which few painters except Ruysdael have adequately treated. Mr. Weedon's "Peat Bog, Poolewe," Mr. E. Davies' "Welsh Stream after Rain" and "Across the Ilkley Moors," and Mr. Edwin Ball's sunny sketch "At Bosca d'Arno" fully sustain their painters' reputation; and Mr. Henry Stannard is in a fair way to make his with such a charming scene as "Where willows fringe the stream, and waters wind away." A word, too, should be said in praise of Mr. Lennox Browne's "Crest of the Wave," a delicate piece of colouring as well as a bold conception, showing that distinction in science is not incompatible with success in art.



Photo. Russell.

STARTING THE MODEL OF A NEW FLYING-MACHINE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

for safety's sake, in compartments, and would require 120,000 cubic feet of hydrogen to inflate it.

conviction; while in his other picture, "Rescued from the Plague," we have treated an episode which is scarcely pictorial—as may be said of many others contained in

ART NOTES.

"Much that is creditable, a good deal that is trivial, and little that is distinctive," will probably be the general verdict on the eighty-sixth exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. The majority of the contributors reach a high standard of skill, and seem to be perfectly satisfied with the results of their labour. They give probably what their patrons require, and smile at the fatuity of those who talk about "art for art's sake." In point of fact, one of the main causes of the present condition of painting—both in oils and water-colours—is the reaction from the "high falutin" of twenty years ago, and from the "intenseness" of the æsthetic school. Another wave will sweep again over the artist world sooner or later, and meanwhile we must be satisfied with the backwash of the last.

The President, Mr. E. J. Gregory, finds real enjoyment in the river life of smart people, and the little tea-party assembled under the trees, "On the Brink of a Discovery," is as bright a study of the life of those who neither toil nor spin as can be desired, and the gaiety of the little group is doubtless increased by the recognition of the pair in the approaching punt. There is greater strength, however, in Mr. W. Lee Hankey's figure of a girl "Standing with reluctant feet Where womanhood and childhood meet," of which the flesh-tones are, however, too much adapted to the prevailing greenish-grey note in which the picture is pitched. Mr. Carlton Smith, in "Just a Song at Twilight," is not quite successful in rendering the struggle between natural and artificial light; and a candid critic and economical friend would suggest that whilst there was still so much light on the hillside, there was no need of candles in the drawing-room. Mr. H. Rheam's "Pandora," a clever and effective bit of colour, suggests the idea that the lady is handling the box with as much care as if it were an explosive machine, and Mr. Frank Topham, in his



Photo. Russell.

MESSRS. GAUDRON AND BARTH'S MODEL OF A FLYING-MACHINE CROSSING THE CONCERT-ROOM AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

LADIES' PAGE.

Amidst the beautiful toilettes lit up by an amazing display of radiant gems that crowd the Casino at Monte Carlo every evening, there is not much that is novel in idea, though there is abundant variety in detail. Gold lace and sequin embroideries are the leading features of the dress decoration. A charming gown was one in silver-grey *peau-de-soie* worked round the skirt with groups of lines of silver sequins, having interposing bands of guipure lightly touched with silver too. On the bodice, the deep collar of guipure embroidered with the shining, silvery spots came above a bolero so elaborately embroidered with sequins, silver cord, black chenille, and motifs of white lace as nearly to hide the grey silk foundation. Then there were two touches of cherry-colour, in the form of narrow cravat and rather wide waistbelt. Another charming gown was in a combination of black and white and gold—a remarkably effective one, if the idea be carried out with taste. In this case the skirt was black taffetas, laid in innumerable tucks of the finest variety, with black guipure over white satin trimming it down the front in two lines (with a plain breadth between them) then pressing round the sides, following the sweep of the train, and then right up each side of the slight draperies of the back breadths to the waist. The skirt fitted very closely round the hips by aid of the tucks, and swept forth very widely below the knee. The corsage had a bolero of white satin, on which motifs of guipure were fixed by being embroidered round with gold cord and sequins. In front it turned back with two stiff and out-standing revers entirely of gold wire lace, revealing a chemisette and a small yoke round the shoulders of fine Venetian point lace. The bolero was cut up deeply behind, and displayed a belt of the new silk elastic in white, embroidered with black chenille.

Another black and white and gold gown: it was in black Oriental satin, cut Princess-shape to the bust, trimmed only by four or five tucks round the feet, and by a band of jet placed in a pretty curve high on the hips and sloping down back and front nearly to the knees. At the bust came a wide band of jet embroidery, giving a hint by its position of the Empire *ceinture*, though the whole dress was close-fitting. This band of jet was narrow in the front, fastening in the exact centre of the figure in a point, and rapidly widening thence to become fairly deep under the arms and round the back of the figure—practically a bolero. So far, you picture it to yourself, please, as entirely black, but gleaming with good cut jet. The white and gold appear exclusively in the yoke collar: the foundation is white Oriental satin strapped round and round with lines of black satin richly embroidered in gold sequins, tiny beads, and wire, all sharing in the construction of this passementerie. The sleeves were wholly of jet, like the Empire belt, save for a white and gold elbow-puff to match the yoke. All these were high evening gowns, a style in which French dressmakers excel. A Parisienne élégante reserves full toilette for her friends, and does not, like ourselves, display her charms to all and sundry on public occasions, such as at theatres and restaurants. There are low gowns to be seen on such occasions, but the women who bear the stamp of *le monde* do not usually affect that particular costume in such scenes.

There are many white lace gowns, and in regard to the trimming of these there is one decided and delightful novelty. They are being appliqué with motifs of cretonne! That sounds very odd, does it not? But I assure you the effect is charming. The cretonne is, of course, of the most "silk-finished" order, and is invariably one of those bright parti-coloured designs that we recognise as Oriental; the French couturière who has promptly received my order for a gown thus decorated describes it as "Persian," and enters the order as "garnie avec fleurs découpées dans de la cretonne Perse"—so that is how you can write your order to your Paris dressmaker. The mode, invented by one of the leading couturiers of the Rue de la Paix, has "caught on" suddenly; and when one sees the charming effect one cannot be surprised at the success. The cretonne must be silky-looking, and the pattern capable of being cut out in a definite "composition"—either one large flower or a cluster: a curved wreath of flowers is particularly pretty. The pattern thus cut out is appliqué on *luxeil* lace for preference, but it may be on mousseline-

de-soie or gauze; the design is worked round, to fix it on the material of the robe, either with gold thread or a parti-coloured cord in chenille to correspond with the cretonne; and this trimming gives a touch of colour on a white or cream dress that is very effective. It is used but sparingly—say half a dozen designs at intervals round the skirt and one at each front point, and a third at the back of the lace or silk-muslin bolero. A blouse in mousseline-de-soie thus decorated is very nice for theatre wear with a plain taffetas skirt.

Evening dresses in the fashionable black-and-white combination are the subjects of our Illustrations. Both are of black lace, supported on white chiffon, and having white chiffon flouncings round the foot. The pointed floral sprays were actually in the model, which is thus adorned up the tunic-skirt, worked on in white embroideries, but lace motifs would produce much the same effect. In the other dress the large Empire design of the black lace is appliqué with wreaths of tiny roses. This use of black lace upon white is of the last *chic*, regardless of the half-mourning, for which it is specially suitable; and alas! which so many people now require irrespective of Court mourning.

The concurrence of the taking of a census, the royal visit to Australia, and Mr. Chamberlain's recent speech urging a large emigration of women to South Africa when

appear more simple than the inference—let the excess women of the older lands deport themselves, and become the wives of the excess men in the newer lands. Yet this very simple notion is, in practical fact, surrounded with difficulties. The class of women who are required are not the cultured, refined ones, who compose a large portion of our "surplus." The representatives of the Australian Colonies, when asked if those lands need more women, always reply that only domestic workers are required, and that they have no use for the more refined and less stalwart classes of women. Governesses, clerks, and stenographers, even dressmakers and nurses, are "raised," so the authorities in the case of every colony declare, in adequate supply on the spot. But the fact is that the men who emigrate mostly go prepared for lives of hard bodily labour in fields or mines; and they can only find room beside them for women able and willing to share in similar hard toil in the house. Men can go to such severe labour and hardship more easily than women; many young fellows of good birth and education work on their own land in new countries as navvies or farm-labourers do here, who would themselves realise that their own sisters would not or could not do analogous labour indoors with equal ease and happiness. Then when we consider the rougher class of girls who alone are fit for those conditions, two points present themselves. In the first place, to emigrate them on any considerable scale large aid would need to be provided for them—not only pecuniary but

personal assistance must be extended to them; and, in the second place, can we really spare the hard-working single women from this country?

There is a really comical exaggeration in the popular mind as to the number of women more than men living in our own country. The new census will soon give us the latest actual figures, but, roughly speaking, there are about a million excess women in England and Wales. Now, as this is on a total population of about thirty millions of both sexes together, it is not very great. Again, the proportion must be further reduced by counting the two hundred thousand odd men who are always abroad (the present war must be taken into account as doubling the number just now) in the Army, Navy, and mercantile marine who are not censused because they are not found in any dwelling-house at the date of the enumeration, but who, none the less, are members of our nation, and many of them married men. It is clear that the excess of women actually existing here is not alarming. There are, in fact, only about six "odd women out" to every one hundred matched couples. To put it in another way,

there are only something like sixty women in excess to every thousand men. Yet it is a

common error to suppose that there are seven women to every individual man—which would make the number of odd women to every thousand men six thousand instead of the true figure of about sixty.

I am begged by a correspondent to mention that a petition has been presented to Parliament signed by nearly thirty thousand women working in Lancashire cotton-mills, asking for the Parliamentary franchise to be extended to them. Well, I do mention it; but I wonder how much use this effort is expected to be? A great petition for the franchise, signed by over half a million women, was presented to Parliament a few years ago—and it produced absolutely no effect. Petitions on this subject are wasted effort now; the day for them has passed. So long as women continue to band themselves together by the hundred thousand in great associations, Liberal and Primrose League alike, in order to put forth their utmost efforts and to exert all the influence they possess to return to Parliament men who have candidly refused to vote for women's suffrage, so long it is clear that the suffrage need not be given to women.

Spring is a time that severely tries the strength of many—our ancestors used to talk about "climbing May Hill." There is an excellent tonic wine, much used as a cordial and as a liqueur for its pleasant flavour on the Continent, known as "St. Raphael Quinquina," and this many physicians recommend as specially useful in combatting the fatigue and depression that is not actual illness, but that seems to demand some tonic occasionally. It has an agreeable taste.

FILomena.



HANDSOME EVENING GOWNS OF BLACK LACE, ELABORATELY TRIMMED WITH WHITE.

the weary war ends, invites attention to the subject of our surplus women. They are "great" on statistics in America. The United States Government pays for the gathering and publication of all kinds of series of facts which are here neglected. One of the latest of Uncle Sam's publications of this kind is called "A statistical chart of the bachelors and spinsters in the United States," and shows, by means of a map printed in colours, in what localities bachelors are to be discovered most densely to the square mile. The Massachusetts single women, for instance, who very greatly outnumber the single men of their own locality, learn that they have only to emigrate as far as Colorado, Texas, or California to find that unpleasant condition altered exactly to the reverse. In all old countries, as in the older States of the American Union, the women outnumber the men; but in newly settled lands the case is invariably the reverse. This is as true of our own colonies as of the border American States.

In all the Australian Colonies, the Duchess of Cornwall and York will find this same great difference from her native land: while the women here outnumber the men, in Australia the men outnumber the women, and in a far larger proportion. Taking Australia and Canada together, there is in round figures in those colonies a surplus of over three million males. The surplus of the stronger sex is greatest in New South Wales, where the latest returns show that there are close on ninety-three thousand more men than women; and in the next largest division of Federated Australia, Victoria, there are over fifty-six thousand more men than women. Now, at first sight, nothing can

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.

Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.

Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.

Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.

Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.

Invigorating in Hot Climates.

Restores the Colour to Carpets.

Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

Price 1s. per Bottle.

Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

SCRUBB & CO., GUILDFORD STREET, LAMBETH, LONDON, S.E.

THE HUMBER

IS WELL KNOWN AS —

THE ROYAL CYCLE

BEING RIDDEN BY

H.M. KING EDWARD VII.,

The KINGS of Italy, Belgium, Greece, the Duke and Duchess of York, Princess Victoria, Duchess of Fife, &c., &c.

Artists Catalogue free on Application to

HUMBER, LTD., 32, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.



FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

PREVENTS the DECAY of the TEETH.

RENDERS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.

Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

Is PERFECTLY HARMLESS and DELICIOUS to the TASTE.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World. 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

FREE WHEELING

X Frames for both sexes, Construction, Nickelling on Copper, Liquid Brazing, etc., are illustrated and described in the

RALEIGH

Prices from £10 10 Cash, or Easy Terms.



Recommended by all C.T.C. and other Experts

BOOK which "The Cyclist" says is "interesting, comprehensive, and convincing," and should be studied before buying ANY Cycle. FREE from London Depot, 41, Holborn Viaduct, "Raleigh" Agents in all Towns or post free from The Raleigh Cycle Co., Ltd., Nottingham.

Why Drink Inferior Tea?

AFTERNOON TEA

becomes a daily intellectual treat, and is always keenly anticipated by Ladies and those who are fortunate enough to drink the UNITED KINGDOM TEA CO.'s Delicious TEAS, supplied First Hand Direct from the Growers, from the World's most Celebrated Tea Gardens, at prices ONE THIRD less than usually paid. Immense Saving, Delightful Flavour, Exquisite!

1/2, 1/4, 1/6, 1/8, & 2/- a lb.

In 3, 7, 10, 14 or 20 lb. Canisters, 40, 65, or 100 lb. Chests. Delivered at your own Doors anywhere. Carriage Paid.

THOUSANDS OF PACKAGES SENT OUT DAILY.

Tasting Samples sent free by post.

"THE LANCET" says—

"These Teas are GENUINE and CAREFULLY PREPARED."

"HEALTH" says—

"Invalids as well as those in health, may enjoy drinking these PURE TEAS without the least fear of injurious effects."

Send a Trial Order for, say, a Canister of the 1/8 or 2/- Blends. You will be simply amazed at the Superb Quality and Delicious Flavour of the Teas, which are not only greatly superior to any obtainable elsewhere, but are also immensely lower in price. Bear in mind they are supplied FIRST HAND, without any intermediate profits. Gold Medals, Paris and Lyons, 1900.

UNITED KINGDOM TEA CO., LTD., Empire Warehouses, Worship St., London.



PETER ROBINSON'S,

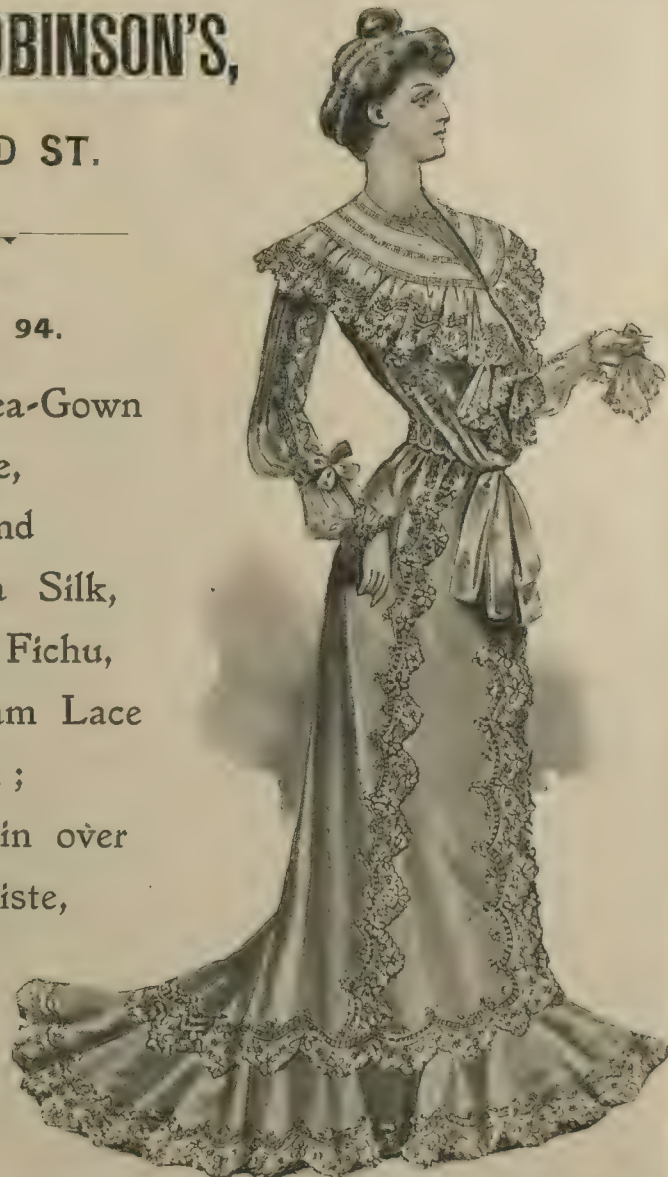
OXFORD ST.

MODEL 94.

Charming Tea-Gown in Pink, Blue, Heliotrope, and Cream China Silk, with Muslin Fichu, trimmed Cream Lace and Insertion; also in Muslin over Coloured Batiste,

4 1/2

Guineas.



PETER ROBINSON, LTD., OXFORD ST.

THE NEW WHITE STAR LINER.

The *Celtic*, the new mammoth White Star liner, will be launched at the beginning of April from the yard of Messrs. Harland and Wolff. This monster liner will, when completed, be the biggest vessel afloat, her gross registered tonnage exceeding 20,000 tons, over 3000 tons more than the *Oceanic*, and 2000 tons more than the *Great Eastern*. The honour of having again constructed the largest steamer in the world, and the first vessel ever built to exceed 20,000 tons, in spite of Continental efforts in this direction, will rest with British builders.

The new steamship *Suevic*, the last of the fleet of five 12,000-ton vessels ordered by the White Star Line for their Liverpool, Cape, and Australian service, was launched from the yard of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, Belfast, on Dec. 8, and has since been undergoing the necessary fitting out. The vessel, completed and ready for her employment, left Belfast on Saturday, March 9, and arrived in the Mersey on Sunday, proceeding at once to the Canada Dock. She is appointed to sail from Liverpool on March 23 for Australian ports, calling at Cape Town.

The *Suevic*, like her sister-ship *Runic*, is of 12,482 gross tonnage. Her dimensions are: Length, 565 ft.; beam,

63 ft.; depth, 40 ft. She is supplied with double sets of engines, driving twin-propellers—an important element of safety on long voyages. The *Suevic* and her four sisters of the White Star Australian fleet, *Afric*, *Medic*, *Persic*, and *Runic*, are all of uniform dimensions and type, and in regard to their passenger accommodation make an altogether novel departure in that they carry only one class.

puggaree, with the initials of the corps on a small scarlet field on the turned-up side of the brim, the whole surmounted with a plume of cock's feathers, much in the way adopted by the New South Wales Lancers. Territorially, this battalion is attached to the 60th Rifles—hence the colour. Although some attention is now being given by the authorities to the matter of comfort, it was not



THE NEW WHITE STAR LINER, "CELTIC," ON THE STOCKS.

THE HEAD- DRESS OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

The other day two infantrymen attended at Marlborough House for the King to inspect the proposed new headdress for the Army. One of the men wore the old helmet, the other the soft felt hat caught up at three points, which it is proposed to substitute for the unwieldy headpiece already discarded by the Queen's Westminsters, that in its turn took the place of the shako and pompon. It may perhaps not be out of place if we give a retrospective glance at the changes which have taken place in the headdress of the British Army—say, since the days of Waterloo. And here we may also remark that though the battalion led by Sir Howard Vincent is the first to adopt the new headgear, it has been closely run by the 1st Middlesex, the old Victoria and St. Georges, who are about to adopt a rifle-green hat, with a neatly folded

THE GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY, LTD.

Show-Rooms: **112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.** (ADJOINING STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY.)

SUPPLY THE PUBLIC DIRECT AT MERCHANTS' CASH PRICES, SAVING PURCHASERS FROM 25 TO 50 PER CENT.

WEDDING OUTFITS OF SOLID SILVER, ELECTRO-PLATE & CUTLERY!

The Most Magnificent
Stock in the World
of

CANTEENS,
ENTRÉE DISHES,
TABLE KNIVES,
FISH KNIVES,
DESSERT KNIVES,
TABLE SPOONS,
TEA AND COFFEE
SERVICES,
&c.

Goldsmiths Company,
112, Regent Street, W.

Canteens fitted to suit the
special requirements of
customers, whose own goods
can be introduced if desired.

AWARDED
THE GRAND PRIX
PARIS, 1900

Goldsmiths Company,
112, Regent Street, W.

AN INSPECTION INVITED.

The Most Magnificent
Stock in the World
of

CANDELABRA,
CRUET FRAMES,
DISH COVERS,
VEGETABLE DISHES
FISH FORKS,
DESSERT FORKS,
DESSERT SPOONS,
TRAYS,
&c.

AWARDED NINE GOLD
MEDALS AND THE CROSS
OF THE
LEGION OF HONOUR.

GOLDSMITHS COMPANY,
112, REGENT STREET, W.

The GOLDSMITHS COMPANY'S Electro-Plated Goods are treble plated with pure silver on the finest nickel silver, are unsurpassed for durability and hard wear, and are supplied at most moderate prices.

GOLDSMITHS COMPANY,
112, REGENT STREET, W.

TESTIMONIAL FROM
Legislative Assembly, W. Australia.
"Your execution of the order for the Plate of the
Refreshment Rooms Committee has given great
satisfaction to the Members of Parliament."

The Goldsmiths Company's
Celebrated £100 Plate Chest.

PARTICULARS ON APPLICATION.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF CANTEENS IN STOCK, from £7.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
POST FREE.

Goods Forwarded to the Country
on Approval.

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY, LTD., 112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. (Adjoining Stereoscopic Company.)

Telephone: "3729."

THE GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE, LTD. (A. B. Savory & Sons), late of Cornhill, E.C., is transferred to this Company.

Telegrams: "ARGENNON, LONDON."

HENNESSY'S

THREE STAR
BRANDY

Jas. Hennessy & Co.'s
Brandy has the largest
sale in the World. It
is Genuine Brandy.

THE Allenburys' Foods.

A Distinct Advance in Infant Feeding.

THE "ALLENBURYS" FOODS provide nourishment suited to the growing digestive powers of the Infant, and constitute an altogether distinct advance on the mischievous expedient of trying to make the child's stomach accommodate itself to a food essentially unsuited to its digestive powers.

Farinaceous foods of all kind are totally unfit for infants under five or six months of age, such foods being a potent cause of digestive troubles, rickets, and many disorders arising from mal-nutrition.

MILK FOOD No. 1.
From Birth to Three Months of Age.

MILK FOOD No. 2.
From Three to Six Months.

MALTED FOOD No. 3.
From Six Months and upwards.

Pamphlet on Infant Feeding and Management Free.

Please mention this Paper.

Allen & Hanburys, Ltd Plough Court Lombard St LONDON.

Beethoven on the Æolian

Kreutzer Sonata, Op. 47; Adagio Sostenuto, Andante con Variazioni, Presto
Moonlight Sonata, Op. 27
Adelaide
Coriolan Overture
Egmont Overture
Leonore Overture, No. 3
Namenfeier Overture
Prometheus Overture
Die Weihe des Hauses Overture
König Stephan Overture
König Stephan Triumphal March
Fidelio, Abscheulicher
Fidelio Potpourri
Trauermarsch
Turkish March from Ruins of Athens
Andante Favori, Op. 35
Hallelujah Chorus from Mount of Olives
Klavier-Concert No. 3, Op. 37: Allegro con brio, largo, Allegro Molto
Klavier-Concert No. 3, Op. 37: Allegro con brio, rondo Allegro
Klavier-Concert No. 4, Op. 58: Allegro Moderato, Rondo Vivace
Nocturne, Op. 42; Allegro, Minuet, Andante quasi Allegro
Septet, Op. 20; Adagio, Allegro con brio
Serenade, Op. 25; Andante
Serenade, Op. 41; Scherzando, Adagio, Allegro Vivace
Sextuor, Op. 81; Allegro con brio
Adagio, Allegro
Sonata No. 1; Allegro, Adagio
Sonata, Op. 2, No. 2; Largo
Sonata, Op. 2, No. 3; Allegro Assai, Scherzo and Trio
Sonata, Op. 10, No. 1; Allegro Molto, Adagio Molto
Sonata, Op. 10, No. 3; Minuetto and Trio, Largo
Sonata, Op. 13 (Pathétique); Grave, Allegro Molto, Allegro, Adagio
Sonata, Op. 14, No. 2, Allegro
Sonata, Op. 22; Adagio
Sonata, Op. 26; Marcia Funebre, Andante and Var. 1 and 5, Scherzo and Trio
Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3; Allegro
Sonata, Op. 49, No. 2; Tempo di Menuetto
Sonata, Op. 81; Les Adieux, l'Absence, Le Retour
Symphony No. 1; Adagio Molto, Allegro, Andante Cantabile, Menuetto Adagio, Allegro Vivace
Symphony No. 2; Adagio Molto, Allegro con brio, Larghetto, Scherzo, Allegro Molto

THE STATEMENT that the Æolian will play any piece of music ever composed is so broad and sweeping that it many times fails to impress the reader with its wonderful significance. As a means of affording a better idea of the enormous repertoire of the Æolian we present herewith partial list of the works of a single composer, BEETHOVEN, that are included in the Æolian music catalogue.

These are all arranged from the full orchestral scores, complete and unabridged. Many of them are never attempted upon the piano, and are played only by large orchestras; yet it is possible for any one to play them on the Æolian correctly, and with all the changes of tempo and expression.

Æolians, £24 to £175.

Æolian Orchestrelles, £350 to £600.

May be purchased on the Hire System if desired. Visitors always welcome. If unable to call, send for catalogue 25, giving full description.



The Renaissance. Price £400.

The Orchestrelle Co.,

225, Regent Street, London, W.

The Æolian is sold at no other Address in London.

Liverpool—J. Smith & Son, Ltd.

Manchester—Hime & Addison

Glasgow—Marr, Wood & Co.

Edinburgh—Methven, Simpson & Co.

Bradford—Joshua Marshall, Ltd.

Birmingham—Stockley & Sabin

Bristol—Millsom & Son

Dublin—Cramer, Wood & Co.

Sheffield—Arthur Wilson, Peck & Co.

Leeds—Mitchell & Briggs, Ltd.

Mappin & Webb's

Chairman—
J. NEWTON MAPPIN.

(Ltd.)

FITTED SUIT CASES.



ILLUSTRATED
PRICE
LIST OF
100
VARIETIES,
POST FREE.

The "Kimberley" Suit Case, in Solid Leather; size, 26 inches; completely fitted with Sterling Silver and Ivory Requisites, as Illustrated. Price £28 10s.

ONLY LONDON ADDRESSES—

158 TO 162, OXFORD ST., W., AND 2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.

(Facing the Mansion House).

SHEFFIELD—THE ROYAL WORKS.

MANCHESTER—ST. ANN'S SQUARE.

NICE—PLACE JARDIN PUBLIC.

JOHANNESBURG—8, VON BRANDIS SQUARE.

always so, and some half-century or more ago appearance was the only object sought to be attained. In the days of Waterloo the headdress of the Army was decidedly various, whereas now it may be summed up that there are really only two descriptions of headgear in use—helmets (of metal for the cavalry, and of cloth for the artillery and infantry) and busbies (for Guards, Hussars, Rifles, Fusiliers, and Horse Artillery), the few exceptions to this rough rule being the cocked hats of the Staff officers, the square-topped hats of the Lancers, the feather bonnets of the Highlanders, and the shakoes of the Scottish Rifles and the Highland Light Infantry. Of course, as is very generally known, these head-dresses are to be retained for home service, with a light and strong plain helmet in khaki cloth (with a puggaree, if necessary) for foreign service, which latter we hope to see supplanted or supplemented by a "smasher" or Colonial slouch hat, as just adopted by the two corps already mentioned, and also used by the City Imperial Volunteers.

Looking at the various headgear which has adorned the topmost storey of the British Army from the early days of the nineteenth century, one cannot but notice the vast improvement which has taken place in this portion of the military equipment. Going over a museum of Army head-dresses—for which purpose the sample-room of a military outfitter's or that of the War Office is as good as any—and noting the wonderful, not to say fearful, concoctions of wood, metal, leather, fur, and horsehair which formerly graced the heads of our soldiers, one cannot but feel the greatest sympathy for the wearers of such utterly unsuitable articles, and one wonders the while however it was that our men managed to fight and win their battles in them.

Their three most marked characteristics are hardness, heaviness, and uncomfortableness, while as a protection to the nape of the neck they are, in the main, utterly useless. During the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns the Life Guards and Horse Guards fought in heavy brass-mounted steel helmets, with a brass comb on the top, surmounted by a tall crest of black bearskin with a red-and-white plume at the side, the whole forming an exceptionally weighty headdress. The Dragoons wore an equally heavy and uncomfortable helmet of black leather with brass mountings, crest, and curb chain, ornamented with a long black horsehair mane which reached to the middle of the

soldier's back. In the peaceful days which succeeded Waterloo and the downfall of the Great Napoleon, the War Office authorities had a grand time in airing their different fads in respect to the dressing and equipping of the British soldier; and, having nothing better to do, they thoroughly enjoyed themselves in this direction. In those days Colonels and commanding officers had very extensive powers so far as uniforms were concerned, and some of them exercised these powers to their own enrichment and

drooping plume in front and regimental plate and double cords, while at the back were single cords and streamers; and the 66th Regiment of Foot had a Maltese cross in front, double cords and pompon. These will serve as representative specimens of horse and foot head-gear. The next move my Lords of Pall Mall initiated was to cut off the cords and tassels and plumes; and to substitute for this last a plain ball or pompon, and in due time the broad-topped shakoes made way for those smaller at the top than at the bottom, the shape more nearly approaching that known as the French "cheesecutter," and very similar to that still worn by the London Rifle Brigade—minus the cock's plume, the pattern being known as the "Albert," the Prince Consort having been generally credited with being the designer. Next the heavy cavalry lost their crest and flowing plume, receiving instead the spiked helmet and plume as now worn; and this heavy head-gear was in use through the Crimean Campaign, after which many radical changes were made in the military equipment. Thus shakoes and busbies came to be modelled after the French fashion, with a sloping back and lower top, this style lasting from 1864 to 1880, by which time shakoes had entirely disappeared, to make way for the present cloth-spiked helmet, which was issued to some of the Metropolitan Rifle Volunteer corps in 1878, one of the earliest to receive the new headdress being the old 37th (Bloomsbury) Regiment. The Fusilier regiments were excepted from the helmets, as were the Highland Light Infantry, who still wear a blue cloth shako with chequered red and white band round the bottom, black braiding, brass number-plate in front, and a green ball or pompon. Through

all these changes the Guards and the Highlanders have been the most conservative, the former retaining their bearskin busbies, and the latter their feather bonnets; though it has been suggested more than once that both should be abolished—to the immediate raising of a hue and cry against the innovation. The campaign in South Africa, to say nothing of peaceful field-days at Aldershot, have demonstrated the unsuitableness of the present headdress, so as soon as matters have settled down a bit, we can look for more alterations and reforms, and it is to be hoped that common-sense will be permitted to sway the decisions somewhat. W. N. B.



LITTLE EVA, WINNER OF THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP.

Little Eva is the property of Captain F. C. Bald.

the soldiers' loss, as was shockingly illustrated during the Crimean Campaign—through which, by the way, the Foot Guards of the Household Brigade fought in their scarlet tunics and bearskin busbies—evidently intended to frighten the Russians! Among other innovations, broad-crowned shakoes came into very general use for light cavalry, artillery, and infantry, those of the horse soldiers having a heavy drooping horsehair plume, and those of the infantry having a tall upright plume, both being plentifully bedecked with useless cords and tassels. In the year the Queen came to the throne the 8th Hussars had a broad-topped shako with



"Would you object to my smoking a cigarette?"

"Certainly not, providing they are OGDEN'S GUINEA GOLD."



Train up a child
in the way it should go —

TRAIN UP A CHILD

to use the Purest of Soap and it's not likely to use any other in after life.

All mothers like to see their children's cheeks aglow with the flush of health; but all mothers don't know how much skin-health and skin-beauty depend on pure soap.

No purer soap than **SWAN SOAP** can be made.

SWAN WHITE FLOATING **SOAP**

is a dainty, delicately perfumed soap especially soothing to skin of matron or maid.

A double tablet can be had at the price of a single tablet of ordinary toilet soap.

A PURER SOAP IS BEYOND THE ART OF SOAPMAKING.

SWAN WHITE FLOATING **SOAP**

is the cream of dainty soaps for dainty fabric.

Like cream it rises to the surface.

Like cream it is the best in its class.

Like cream it is exquisitely pure.

Like cream it is an emollient for the skin.

For particulars respecting the Photographic Enlargement Scheme, apply to LEVER BROTHERS, Ltd., PORT SUNLIGHT, CHESHIRE, marking the word "Photo" in left-hand corner of envelope.

EASTER RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS

The Brighton and South Coast Railway are issuing special cheap week-end tickets on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, April 4 to 7, available for return on any day (except day of issue) up to and including Easter Tuesday. Special cheap tickets, London to Dieppe, will be issued on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, April 4 to 8, available for return up to and including Tuesday night, April 9. To Cher for Normandy and Brittany, special cheap tickets will be issued on April 3 and 6, available for return on Monday or Friday, April 8 and 12. On Good Friday, Easter Sunday and Monday, day trips at excursion fares will be run from London to Brighton, Hove, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Tunbridge Wells, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. Extra trains will be run from London, as required by the traffic, to the Crystal Palace, grand sacred concert on Good Friday and the special holiday entertainments on Easter Monday, Tuesday, and following days, returning in the evening at frequent intervals. Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Portsmouth, Southsea, and the Isle of Wight.

During the Easter Holidays the North London Railway are running trains every few minutes to and from Shoreditch for Britannia Theatre and the Whitechapel Art Gallery, High Street, Whitechapel (Free Exhibition of Pictures). Trains will also run every fifteen minutes to and from Chalk Farm for Primrose Hill, Regent's Park, and the Botanic and



THE NEW ANNEXE OF MESSRS. OETZMANN AND CO.'S ESTABLISHMENT AT THE CORNER OF DRUMMOND STREET AND HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

The new annexe, built from the plans of Mr. Fred Eales, of Welbeck Street, and extending down one side of Drummond Street, is very commodious. It includes seven spacious floors of show-rooms and factory, surmounted by a fine cupola'd roof.

Zoological Gardens. There is also a frequent service to Hampstead Heath and Willesden Junction; and every half-hour to and from Kew Bridge for Kew Gardens.

The Great Central Railway are running Easter holiday excursions from London (Marylebone), Woolwich (Arsenal and Dockyard), Greenwich, and Harrow-on-the-Hill on Good Friday, for half-day and one, four, or five days, and Easter Monday, for half-day and one, two, or four days, to Fimere, Brackley, Rugby, Lutterworth, Leicester, Loughborough, and Nottingham; also on Good Friday morning tickets will be issued for four or five days to Sheffield, Penistone, Manchester, and on Saturday afternoon, April 6, for two, three, or four days to Rugby, Lutterworth, Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Sheffield, Stockport, Warrington, Liverpool, Manchester, etc.

The *Church Times* complains that the addresses given at the three hours' service on Good Friday are much too long. The preacher seems determined to do everything for himself and to leave nothing for his hearers. "In past years we were wont to be given heads of meditation more or less amplified, instead of set discourses. Now we are called upon to hear sermons; and no lay person can profitably listen to, and no priest can adequately preach, eight or nine sermons in rapid succession, each nearly twenty minutes in length." Preachers are urged not to encroach upon the intervals of silence in which the real profit of the service is to be found.

Pears' Soap



The Piper's Charm.

The Piper promised a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed, and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue;
And this was the crown of the children's hope,
To bathe in the fountains and use Pears' Soap.

(With Apologies to Browning.)

A FREE GIFT

of a series of charming miniature illustrations of our **STEEL PLATE ENGRAVINGS** and BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPHS WILL BE PRESENTED ENTIRELY FREE OF CHARGE to every Reader of "The Illustrated London News" applying at the Offices of the City of London Fine Art Society, Victoria Avenue, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.; or they will be forwarded to any address (at home or abroad) on receipt of three stamps, with the Reader's name and address and this Coupon.

HINDE'S

Circumstances alter cases.
Hinde's Wavers alter faces.

real hair
savers.

WAVERS

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.
Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin or even white linen.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

NOTICE.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER can be obtained throughout the British Colonies, India, United States of America, &c., &c.

ASPINALLS ENAMEL

A HOUSEHOLD

MAXIM

"RANKS FIRST &
FOREMOST"
For HOUSE CLEANING.

INSIST ON "ASPINALL'S."
DON'T BE PUT OFF WITH
"SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD,"
OFFERED FOR THE SAKE
OF EXTRA PROFIT.

PURE, NON-POISONOUS, BRILLIANT AND DURABLE.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS:

ASPINALL'S ENAMEL, LTD., NEW CROSS, LONDON, S.E.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS



These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 6d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 7 stamps direct to the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

PIONEER



PIONEER
CIGARETTES

CIGARETTES

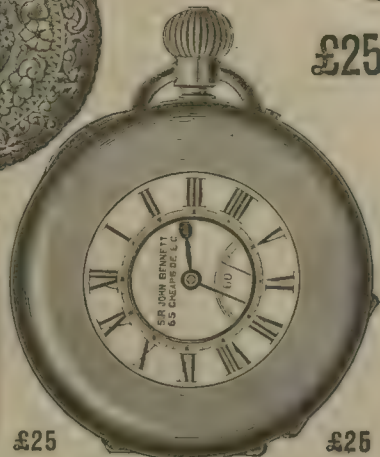
SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.
WATCH, CLOCK, & JEWELLERY MANUFACTURERS.

By Special Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen.

ENGAGEMENT RINGS BRIDESMAIDS' PRESENTS, AND
NEW YEAR GIFTS IN GREAT VARIETY.
JEWELLERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.



Special attention is called to this Department. The Stock having been considerably increased by a new and elegant assortment of the most exquisite designs, mounted in diamonds & other precious stones.



Gold Keyless Minute Chronograph, in 18-ct. Gold Case, strong Crystal Glass, and perfectly accurate as a time-keeper. This watch registers the minutes, seconds, and fifths of a second. From £20, £25, to £60.
Ditto, in Silver, from £5, £8, £10, to £35.

Lady's Gold Keyless Lever, perfect for Time, Beauty, and Workmanship.
Ditto, in Silver, £5.

SILVER WATCHES from £2.
GOLD WATCHES from £5.
GOLD CHAINS
At Manufacturers' Prices.

CLOCKS.
THE FINEST
STOCK IN LONDON
AT PRICES
LOWER THAN
EVER.

65, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C. Sir John Bennett's "Standard" Gold Keyless English Half-Chronometer, Specially adapted for all climates and Rough Wear. Ditto, in Silver, £15.

LAZENBY'S

ECONOMIC, CONVENIENT & PORTABLE

SOUP SQUARES

These squares are prepared in 13 Varieties (MULLIGATAWNY, JULIENNE, GRAVY, &c.), and should find a place in every store-room, being invaluable for making soup at short notice or improving stock. They will keep good any reasonable length of time and are packed in neat boxes containing 6 & 12 Squares.

ONE 6^d SQUARE
WILL MAKE A PINT & A HALF
OF STRONG NUTRITIOUS SOUP

SOLD BY ALL THE LEADING GROCERS & STORES.
Should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining the Squares, please communicate at once with the Manufacturers.
E. LAZENBY & SON, LTD., 18 Trinity St., LONDON. S.E.

LAZENBY'S

13 VARIETIES.

SOUP SQUARES

WILLS AND REQUESTS.

The will (dated March 2, 1900) with a codicil (dated May 31 following), of Mr. Charles Wheatley, of Sands House, Hopton, Mirfield, York, who died on Dec. 10, was proved on March 23 by Joshua Hirst Wheatley, Joseph Wheatley, the Rev. John Thornton Steele, and John Shopley Stancliffe, the value of the estate amounting to £553,766. The testator bequeaths £5000 each to the Bishop of Wakefield's Spiritual Aid Society and his Appeal Fund; £5000 to the West Riding Charitable Society; £2500 to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; £1000 to the Mirfield Memorial Hospital; £500 each to the Huddersfield Infirmary, the Dewsbury and District General Infirmary, and the Royal Albert Asylum for Idiots and Imbeciles, Lancaster; £250 each to the Yorkshire School for the Blind, the Devonshire Hospital and Buxton Bath Charity, the Royal Bath Hospital, Harrogate, and the Yorkshire Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Doncaster; and £200 each to the Askern Bath Charity, the Ilkley Hospital and Convalescent Home, and the Railway Benevolent Institution. He gives the income of £30,000 to Annie Robinson and Caroline Elizabeth Robinson, and the survivor of them; £20,000 and his household furniture to Mrs. Eleanor Steele; £2,000 and fifty shares in the Calder and Hebble Navigation to Joseph Wheatley, and £5000 each to his sons, and £3000 each to his daughters; £3000 each to the children of John Wheatley,

Stancliffe and Hannah W. Hallas; £3000 to Elizabeth Eleanor Hill, and £2500 each to her children; £2000 each to John W. Stancliffe, Thomas Edward Nevin, the Rev. Shepley Smith, William Waltham Stancliffe, Frederick Stancliffe, and John Carlisle Stancliffe; £1500 each to the children of William W. Stancliffe and Mary Waddington; and very many other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for Mrs. Eleanor Steele for life, and then as she shall appoint to her children.

The will (dated Nov. 19, 1896), with a codicil (dated March 16, 1899), of Admiral Sir George Ommaney Willes, G.C.B., of 73, Cadogan Square, who died on Feb. 18, was proved on March 21 by Dame Georgiana Matilda Josephine Willes, the widow, Major Percy Francis Lambart, the nephew, and Lieutenant-Colonel Amelius Richard Mark Lockwood, the executors, the value of the estate being £105,806. All his shares in E. Lacon and Co. are to be held, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then as to those not fully paid up and one third of those fully paid up he gives to his nephew George Lambart Atkinson, and the remaining two thirds to his nephew George Frederick Willes, and he appoints the latter to be a director of such company. The testator bequeaths £750, the balance on current account at his bankers, Messrs. Stilwell, and his household furniture to his wife; £10,000 to his nephew George Lambart Atkinson on his assuming the surname of "Willes"; £500 each to his nephews F. W. Atkinson,

Ford Edward Willes Lambart, George Frederick Willes, and John Irwin Willes, and to his niece Ethel Maud Willes; £100 to the Sailors' Orphan Girls' School and Home; and other legacies to friends and servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife for life, and then for his nephew George Lambart Atkinson.

The will (dated July 14, 1894) of Mr. Henry Chance, of Thornbridge, Leamington, who died on Jan. 7, was proved on March 22 by Henry Fetherston Chance, the son, and George Ferguson Chance, the nephew, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £48,696. He gives his debentures and one moiety of his cumulative preference shares in Hunt and Chance, upon trust, for his daughter Lucy; the other half of such preference shares, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Amy Letitia Lloyd; his ordinary shares in Hunt and Chance, and all his shares in Chance Brothers and Co. and the British Cyanides Company, and his jewels and books to his son; £100 each to his nephews Godfrey and George Lathom Massy, and to his nieces Annie Letitia and Susan Harriet Massy; £100 to Mary Helen Anster; an annuity of £40 to Constance Bennett; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his children Henry Fetherston, Lucy, Mrs. Amy Letitia Lloyd, and Mrs. Mary Helen Lucas.

The will (dated March 20, 1900), with two codicils (one dated March 24 following, and the other Feb. 5, 1901), of

The original and only genuine Harvey's Sauce

IS NOW CALLED



How to serve a Beefsteak.

Let the steak be cut nearly an inch thick; broil quickly, on or before a clear fire, to retain the juices of the meat; serve on a hot plate, with a bottle of the genuine Harvey's Sauce, bearing the words

LAZENBY'S SAUCE

in red ink across the label. Cheap, highly seasoned sauces only serve to disguise the appetising, satisfying flavour of the meat; Lazenby's Sauce is peculiarly mild and mellow, and its delicate flavour enhances that of the steak and promotes its easy digestion.

A hundred years' experimenting has produced no equal to the original Harvey's Sauce, now better known as Lazenby's Sauce. It is now, as a century ago, the favourite sauce of those who know best what a good sauce ought to be.

PREPARED ONLY BY

E. LAZENBY & SON, Ltd., 18, Trinity Street, LONDON, S.E.

COLEMAN'S "WINCARNIS"



Over 6,000 Testimonials received from Medical Men.

COLEMAN & CO., Ltd., NORWICH and LONDON.

Nutrient Value Double that of Ordinary Chocolate.



Extreme Digestibility.

In Boxes, 2/6. In packets, 1/-, 6d.

143, New Bond Street, London.

Delicious Flavour.

THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

Hunyadi János



Preferred by Medical Men to all other Aperients.

It is the Safest, the Best Known, and the most Trustworthy remedy for

GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

Average Dose: A wineglassful before breakfast, either pure or diluted with a similar quantity of hot or cold water.

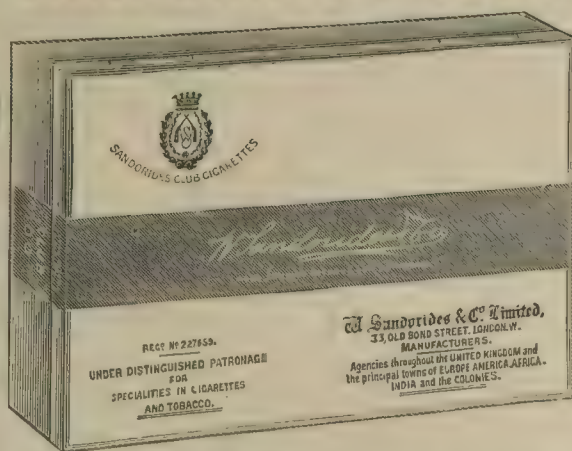
Professor IMMERMANN, Basle, Professor of Internal Medicine at the University—

"Hunyadi János has invariably shown itself an effectual and reliable Aperient, which I recommend to the exclusion of all others. Never gives rise to undesirable symptoms even if used continuously for years."

Note the **NAME, MEDALLION,** and the **RED CENTRE PART** on the Label.

CAUTION.—Every bottle bears the signature of the Proprietor, ANDREAS SAXLEHNER, on the Label.

SANDORIDES CLUB CIGARETTES



In Gentlemen's and Ladies' Special Sizes,

MANUFACTURED FROM THE CHOICEST TOBACCOS OBTAINABLE, AND

EXTRA QUALITY SMOKING**MIXTURE**

are now to be obtained from all leading Tobacconists at Home and Abroad.

W. SANDORIDES & CO., Limited,

33, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address—"SANDORIDES, LONDON."

Telephone—"No. 2410 GERRARD."

AMERICAN SHOE CO.

169, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

A Large Consignment of

BOOTS AND SHOES

Of the Latest Fashions to be seen in any Country.

NOW READY.

Every Description of Make, and at Most Moderate Prices.

Good Fitting and well shaped Boots are the most valuable acquisition to the stylish appearance and finish of a Lady or Gentleman.

**WRITE FOR CATALOGUE, SENT POST FREE.**

Branches: 373, Strand, London, W.C.; 113, Westbourne Grove, London, W.; 76, Grafton Street, Dublin; Deansgate Arcade, Manchester; 31, Church Street, Liverpool; 13, George Street, Richmond, Surrey.

POST ORDERS SHOULD BE SENT TO HEAD DEPOT, 169, REGENT STREET, W.

Subscribers secure Wholesale Prices by Monthly Payments.

In 18-ct. Gold Cases, £25.

In Silver Cases, £15.

NOTE.

STEAM FACTORY: 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C. & 25, OLD BOND ST., W. All kinds of Watches, Jewellery, &c., can be had on "The Times" easy Savings Bank method of payment. Catalogue and Order Form Post Free.

ON "The Times" NOVEL CO-OPERATIVE PLAN OF **20 MONTHLY PAYMENTS** 20 Months' Credit! **NO INTEREST!** NO EXTRA CHARGES on "The Times" Novel Plan.

BEST London Make. In Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass, 18-ct. Gold Cases.

One-third saved by buying direct from the Makers.

BENSON'S "FIELD" WATCH

LOHSE'S Maiglöckchen

LILY OF THE VALLEY

World-renowned for the fullness and softness of its fragrance, without artificial odour

Maiglöckchen = Perfumery

Beware of imitations

Perfume for the handkerchief — Soap — Powder Toilet Water — Brillantine — Eau de Cologne.

Only genuine with the full firm of the creator

Sold everywhere

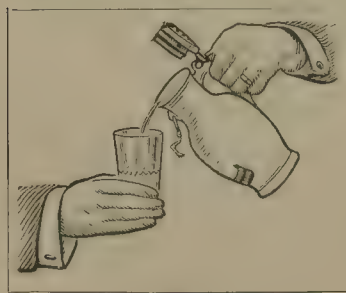
Gustav Lohse & Berlin

Perfumer by appointment to H. M. the Empress of Germany and H. M. the Empress Frederick.

AN IMPROVEMENT ON THE BOTTLE AND THE CASK.

KANNENBEER

Best Burton-Brewed PURE Ales and Stout.



JUG IN USE.

KANNENBEER is beer in hermetically closing Stone Jugs of about one quart.

KANNENBEER is the ideal Beer for home consumption, is served in the cleanest of vessels, and is free from sediment and bacteria.

KANNENBEER is an ornament to any table and remains bright to the last drop. Best and most advantageous.

In boxes of one dozen and half a dozen—

Finest Dinner Ale	3	0
India Pale Ale	4	6
Half and Half (Finest Stout and Bitter)	4	0
Best Double Stout	4	6
Finest Pilsener Lager	4	6
Finest Munich Lager	4	6
New Century Beer (Sparkling)	4	6

Per half-dozen Jugs.



JUG CLOSED.

Ask your Grocer and Beer Dealer, or write for LIST OF PLACES where Kannenbeer is sold to

KANNENBEER SUPPLY (LONDON), LTD.

Head Office: 17, PHILPOT LANE, E.C.

Stores: Portland Road, Seven Sisters, N.

A NEST FOR REST

FOOTS'

Adjustable to 100 Changes of Position.

MARLBOROUGH

Rigid or Rocks at

RECLINING CHAIR,

Pleasure.

Comfort for the Invalid. Luxury for the Strong.

Conforms to every position of comfort and ease, and can be adjusted by yourself while on the Chair. The turn of a knob does it instantly. The back can be lowered to any position from upright to flat and rises automatically when desired. The seat will tilt to any angle. The leg-rest can be raised to seat level or detached and used as an independent footstool or ottoman. An adjustable Reading Desk and Table fitted when required. Springs all over. The Ideal Chair for restful reading.

Send for Catalogue No. 3. Post Free.

J. FOOT & SON,

Dept. R.C. 7,

171 New Bond

Street,

London,

W.

TRICYCLES
L 15 • 15 • 0 EASY PAYMENT
L 10 • 10 • 0
WORKS, COVENTRY.
DEPÔT
96 Newgate St. LONDON

Goerz Trieder Binoculars

Field of View
of a Glas;of the Ordinary
Construction.Field of
View of a
Goerz
TriederBinocular
of the
same
power.

The two figures show the comparative fields of view of ordinary field-glasses and of the above glasses, which represent the highest standard of modern optics. They have the largest field of view of all Prismatic Binoculars, and their ingenious arrangement for focussing is unequalled. They are unquestionably the best glasses for the Army and Navy, for Target Practice, Deer Stalking, Yachting, Hunting, &c. The lower powers are excellent Theatre Glasses.

These Glasses can be obtained of any good Optician throughout the Empire. Illustrated Pamphlet will be sent free on application to Department "I. H." of the Optical Works of C. P. GOERZ, 4 and 5, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.



**DELICIOUS.
NUTRITIOUS.**
"Excellent—of great value."—
LANCET.

In Tins, 2s. 6d.
Half Tins (Samples), 1s. 6d.

**SAVORY
AND
MOORE,
London.**

MARIANI WINE

4/-
Per Bottle.45/-
Per Doz.

**THE BEST AND SUREST
TONIC PICK-ME-UP.**

**STRENGTHENS and STIMULATES
the BODY and BRAIN.**

A couple of wineglassfuls daily are found to work wonders for those suffering from the effects of mental and physical overwork. Testimonials from 8000 physicians.

**FOR GENERAL DEBILITY,
EXHAUSTION & WANT OF ENERGY.**

Delivered free from WILCOX and Co., 49, Haymarket, London, S.W.; or of all Chemists and Stores.

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE writes that he has "fully appreciated the beneficial effects of this tonic wine, and has forwarded to M. Mariani, as a token of his gratitude, a gold medal bearing his august effigy."

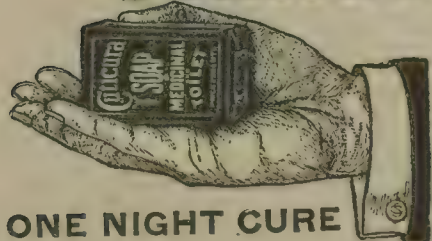
Professor CHARLES FAUVEL writes: "Of all tonics, and I have tried almost all, not one equals Mariani Wine, so highly esteemed by the medical profession in France and other countries. I use it personally and for my family, and I have prescribed it during twenty years with unvarying satisfaction to myself and my patients."

ROBERTSON'S



JOHN ROBERTSON & SON LTD DUNDEE & 13 Gt TOWER STREET

Sore Hands



ONE NIGHT CURE

Soak the hands thoroughly, on retiring, in a hot lather of CUTICURA SOAP. Dry, and anoint freely with CUTICURA OINTMENT, the great skin cure and purest of emollients. Wear old gloves during the night. For sore hands, itching, burning palms, this one night cure is wonderful.

For sale by all Chemists. Price, SOAP, 1s.; OINTMENT, 2s. 6d.; or postpaid by F. NEWBURY & SONS, London, E.C. POTTER CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

SEEGER'S

Annual Sale, 362,000 Bottles.

HAIR DYE

Of all Hair-dressers, 2/-, or plain bottle, 2/2. HINDS, LIMITED, FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.

GOUT and Rheumatism.

The DEAN OF CARLISLE writes:

"Sir,—I was almost beyond experience a martyr to gout for twenty-five years! I took LAVILLE'S medicine, which are simple and easy of application. I was cured completely, and after nine years' trial I can affirm that they are a perfect specific and an innocent and beneficial remedy. I have tried them on friends in like circumstances, and they never fail.—I remain, yours truly, "FRANCIS CLOSE."

DR. LAVILLE'S LIQUOR
(PERFECTLY HARMLESS)
IS AN UNFAILING SPECIFIC FOR THE CURE OF
GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

ONE BOTTLE SUFFICIENT FOR
TWO TO THREE MONTHS' TREATMENT.

Price 9s. per Bottle, of all Chemists. Wholesale Depot,
F. COMAR and SON, 64, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.
Descriptive Pamphlet, containing Testimonials, post free on Application.

Cockle's Antibilious PILLS

THE
OLDEST
PATENT
MEDICINE

IN
BOXES
AT
1 1/2 2/9
4/6 11/- EACH

World-renowned health resort near the Rhine.

Celebrated Mineral Springs, 155,75° Fahr.

Treatment all the year round.

Beautiful
Walks and
Excursions,

Wiesbaden

Grape Cure
from
September.

Unequalled success in curing gout, rheumatism, paralysis, diseases of the respiratory and digestive organs, nervous derangements, &c. Large variety of entertainments and amusements in the Kurhaus during the whole year. Agreeable social life. English Church. Prospectus free on application to the *Staedtische Kurverwaltung*.



Absolutely Cure

**BILIOUSNESS.
SICK HEADACHE.
TORPID LIVER.
FURRED TONGUE.
INDIGESTION.
CONSTIPATION.
DIZZINESS.
SALLOW SKIN.**

There's SECURITY in

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Small Pill.
Small Dose.
Small Price.

They Touch the LIVER.
Be Sure they are

CARTER'S

COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA,
BRONCHITIS, and NEURALGIA.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times," July 13, 1894.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1883.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—Extract from the "Medical Times," Jan. 12, 1866: "Is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course, it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE is the best and most certain remedy for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, &c.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE is a certain cure in Cholera, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, &c.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE is a CHOICE—None genuine without the words "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne" on the Government stamp. Overvaluing medical testimony accompanies each bottle. Sole Manufacturer, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, London. Sold in Bottles, 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

"BELFAST HOUSE."

(Established 1766.)

WALPOLE BROTHERS, LIMITED.

In offering their LINENS at the following low rates, wish to impress upon the public that they seek its confidence on good and substantial grounds, and that they rank, not only as THE BEST, but as THE CHEAPEST HOUSE IN THE TRADE.

Superfine Hand Loom Double

Damask Tablecloths ... from 10s. 6d. each
Damask Tablecloths ... " 3s. 3d. "
Ladies' Cambric Handkerchiefs " 2s. 2d. per doz.
Linen Sheets, Hemmed ... " 11s. 6d. per pair.
Complete Linen Outfits, Hemmed and Marked,
from £3 19s. 2d.

PRICE-LISTS AND PATTERNS FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

89, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.
(Two doors from Oxford Street).

102, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, and
6, ONSLOW PLACE, SOUTH KENSINGTON.
Dublin, Belfast, Waringstown.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LTD., BELFAST,
And 164, 166, and 170, REGENT STREET, LONDON W.
TWO PRIZE MEDALS, PARIS, 1889.
LINEN
Collars, Ladies' 3-fold, from 3/6 per doz.
Gents' 4-fold, " 4/11 per doz.
Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen, from 5/11 per doz.
COLLARS, CUFFS, SHIRTS, FINE QUALITY
Long Cloth, with 4-fold pure Linen Fronts, 35/6 per 4-doz. (to men—sure, 2/- extra).
SAMPLES & PRICE LISTS POST FREE AND SHIRTS.
N.B.—Old Shirts made good as new with good materials in Neck Bands, Cuffs, and Fronts, for 14/- the 4-doz.
N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent Direct to Belfast.

CHILDREN

TEETHING

TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

Has been used over Fifty Years by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pains, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.
Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d. per Bottle.



THE NEW PATENT SOUND DISCS

Completely overcome DEAFNESS and HEAD NOISES, no matter of how long standing. Are the same to the ears as glasses are to the eyes. Invisible. Comfortable. Worn months without removal. Explanatory Pamphlet Free.

THE A. N. WALES CO., 171, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

THOMAS TURNER & CO. MAKE THEIR OWN STEEL.

EXCORE RAZOR



Hand Forged. Extra Hollow Ground. Carefully Set. Guaranteed Perfect. See "Excore" on Shank.

IVORY, 6s. 6d. BLACK, 4s. 6d.
Send for Free List of Cases. From all Dealers, or write direct to Makers, T. Turner & Co., Sheffield, who will supply through nearest Agent. Ask for "Excore" Pocket and Table Cutlery.

THE FAVOURITE LIQUEUR.



HEERING'S COPENHAGEN CHERRY BRANDY
(KIRSEBÆR LIQUEUR.)
TEN PRIZE MEDALS.

Sole Manufacturer—**PETER F. HEERING**
(Estab. 1818).

Parveoy by Appointments to the Royal Danish and Imperial Russian Courts and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

Sold by all respectable Wine Merchants.

ROYAL AJAX CYCLES

ON MONTHLY PAYMENTS.



Enormous stock. New and second-hand. From 10s. MONTHLY. Carriage paid. Illustrated Price Lists Post-Free TO ANY ADDRESS.—THE BRITISH CYCLE MANUFACTURING CO. (1901), Limited, 45, Everton Road, Liverpool. (Established 1887.)

THE GEM SUPPLIES CO., LTD.



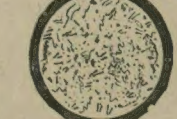
THE GEM QUAKER BATH CABINET

is a perfect method of obtaining, at a trifling cost, Turkish, Russian, or Medicated Baths in the privacy and comfort of home. Its regular use keeps the bather in a high state of health. Eminent physicians recommend it as the finest treatment for Colds, Rheumatism, Gout, Eczema, Blood and Kidney Diseases, &c., &c. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet, free, or call and inspect Cabinet and Testimonials. Guaranteed satisfactory, or money refunded.

SEVEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

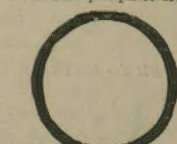
AGENTS WANTED.

(Dept. A.1.) 6, BISHOP'S COURT, 78, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.



THE GEM PURE-WATER STILL.

Scientists say that impure water is a prolific cause of disease, and recommend the use only of distilled water for drinking purposes. The GEM STILL will convert the most poisonous liquid into pure water, clear as crystal and pleasant to the palate. It is a simple reliable sanitary appliance adapted to the needs of the household. Call and inspect it in operation. Valuable pamphlet free.



Distilled Water under the Microscope.

NO MORE CHAPS.

BEETHAM'S "Larola"

NO MORE ROUGH HANDS.

IS UNEQUALLED FOR PRESERVING

THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION

FROM THE EFFECTS OF

FROST, COLD WINDS, AND HARD WATER.

IT REMOVES AND PREVENTS ALL

ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, and CHAPS, AND KEEPS THE SKIN

SOFT, SMOOTH, and WHITE at All Seasons.

If used after Dancing or visiting heated apartments, it will be found

DELIGHTFULLY COOLING and REFRESHING.

Bottles, 6d. 1s., and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists.

M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, CHELTENHAM.



REGISTERED TRADE MARK

DICK'S PATENT DRIVING BELTS

Guttapercha, Canvas, and Balata.

SPECIAL FEATURES:

Great Durability.
Enormous Driving Strength.
Perfect Steadiness and Smoothness in Working.
Entire Absence of Stretching or Slipping.

ALL BELTS BEAR OUR TRADE MARK.

Price-Lists, Samples, and Testimonials may be obtained of the Patentees & Makers.



As an article of practical utility indispensable to manufacturers in every line of business, Dick's Patent Belts hold an absolutely unique position, and the introduction of the various improvements which experience has from time to time suggested fully justifies their claim to be the only perfect Driving Belt in existence. No better proof of the striking superiority of Dick's Patent Belts can be offered than the remarkable increase in the sales during the past three years in every part of the world where Driving Belts are used, notably in such important fields as the chief countries of Europe, the South African Goldfields, India, &c.

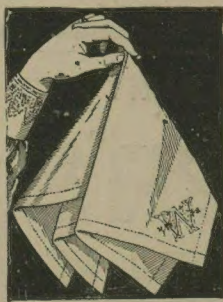
R. & J. DICK, GREENHEAD WORKS, & 46, ST. ENOCH SQUARE, GLASGOW.

Wholesale Depots: LONDON—58, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.

Birmingham: 8, Dale End. Bristol: 53, Corn St. Manchester: 10, Corporation St. Leeds: 5, New Station St. Newcastle-on-Tyne: 8, Neville St. Dublin: 43, Henry St. Belfast: 22, North St. Edinburgh: 7, North Bridge.

Specially Appointed Agents in

PARIS, VIENNA, BRUSSELS, MOSCOW, DUISBURG, BUCHAREST, HORGES (SWITZERLAND), GOTHENBURG, CHRISTIANIA, COPENHAGEN, BILBAO, CALCUTTA, BOMBAY, YOKOHAMA, CONSTANTINOPLE, SYDNEY, MELBOURNE, BRISBANE, ADELAIDE, DUNEDIN, AUCKLAND, MONTREAL, VALPARAISO, &c.

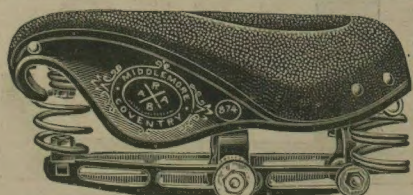


HUTTON'S HANDKERCHIEFS.

Hemstitched—		Bordered—	
Ladies' size	2/11 per doz.	Ladies' size	2/3 per doz.
Gents' size	4/11	Gents' size	3/6
Ladies' size	PRINTED LAWN Handkerchiefs		2/6
	Open Work and Veining		4/6
	" Fine Linen, with any Initial, as illustrated		8/9
	Bleached Damask Cloths, 2 yds. sq., 3/6 each; fine quality, 2 by 3 yds., Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle, 9/9 each.		
	" Dinner Napkins, 5/6 per doz.		

IRISH TWEEDS, ALL PURE WOOL. Samples and Price Lists Free. Parcels over 20/- Carriage Paid.
G. R. HUTTON & Co., Desk 64, Larne, Ireland.

A COMFORTABLE SADDLE MAKES CYCLING A PLEASURE.



Price 12/9, Enamelled; 15/-, Plated Springs.
Extra Large—15/-, Enamelled; 17/6, Plated Springs.

MIDDLEMORE & LAMPLUGH, LTD., COVENTRY.

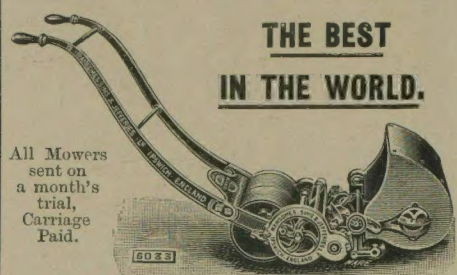
'RIDEASY'

is the Most Comfortable Saddle in the Market. PADDED TOP. SCIENTIFICALLY CONSTRUCTED. Sent for two weeks' trial to any address, carriage paid, on receipt of P.O. 2/6, which forms part payment if saddle is kept. Name this Paper.

CATALOGUES AND TESTIMONIALS ON APPLICATION. When ordering your NEW MACHINE, please specify the "RIDEASY" Saddle. Made in Two Patterns, Gents' and Ladies'.

RANSOMES' LAWN MOWERS

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.



All Mowers sent on a month's trial, Carriage Paid.

THE "PATENT" AUTOMATON
Chain or Wheel Gearing.

Improvements possessed by no other maker's machines—
New Patent Double Angle Cutting Barrel, Patent Ribbed Driving Rollers, and Patent Adjustable Front Rollers.
"ANGLO-PARIS," the Best Light Machine.
"LION," the Best Cheap Machine.
THE BEST "HORSE AND PONY" MOWERS.
New Designs. New Patterns. New Adjustments and New Patent Spring Handles.

Price Lists Free on Application. Orders executed promptly by all Ironmongers.

RANSOMES, SIMS, & JEFFERIES, LTD., IPSWICH.

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge, most agreeable to take.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON,
FOR

CONSTIPATION,
Hæmorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Gastric and Intestinal Troubles.

67, SOUTHWARK BRIDGE RD., London, S.E.
Sold by all Chemists.—A Box, 2s. 6d.

The *Lancet*, Oct. 12, 1899, says: "The medicament most pleasant to children, the Tamar Indien, is absent. An aperient which is as good as a bonbon from Boissier or Siraudin is so typical of French refinement and elegance in the little things of life that it certainly should have held a prominent place."

BEST & SAFEST DENTIFRICE

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS IN ELEGANT CRYSTAL TOILET CASKET

PRICE 2/6

ALSO IN PATENT METALLIC BOX

PRICE 1/-

OSCAR SUTTON & CO'S PRESTON.

OS TOOTH BLOCK

SAMPLE POST FREE 1/-

PRODUCES WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENTS IN THE TEETH OF SMOKERS.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

THURSTON & CO. LTD.

Billiard Table Manufacturers,

ROYAL WARRANT HOLDERS,

Have Removed to

LEICESTER SQUARE W.C.



In Jars: 6d., 1/-, and 2/- each.
Sole Proprietors: BEWLEY & DRAPER, Ltd., DUBLIN



THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE ATHLETIC SPORTS AT QUEEN'S CLUB, MARCH 29: THE FINISH OF THE QUARTER-MILE RACE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. ALLAN STEWART.

L. J. Cornish (Lincoln College, Oxford) 1; R. W. Barclay (Trinity College, Cambridge), 2; S. A. Neave (Magdalen College, Oxford), 3; P. M. Shanks (Christ's College, Cambridge,) 4.
Time 52 4-5 seconds.



THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE OF 1901: THE SCENE FROM BAENES BRIDGE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Robert Louis Stevenson: A Life Study in Criticism. By H. Bellyse Baildon. With two portraits. (London: Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

Strange Happenings. By W. E. Norris, W. Clark Russell, Grant Allen, and others. (London: Methuen. 6s.)

That Sweet Enemy. By Katherine Tynan. (Westminster: Constable. 6s.)

East London. By Walter Besant. (London: Chatto and Windus. 18s.)

Through Siberia. By J. Stadling. (London: Constable. 8s.)

The Club. By James Puckle. With Introduction by Austin Dobson. (Freemantle and Co. 3s. 6d.)

The Third Floor. By Mrs. Dudeney. (London: Methuen. 6s.)

It is hardly fair to begin a notice of a book with praise of an illustration, but when it is a frontispiece and singularly good, the solecism may be forgiven. Some of Stevenson's photographs were evidently taken by a camera with a sentimental turn for literature—nay, a very schoolgirl of a camera, or how otherwise could she present him with that ready-made air of romance? And as to Mr. Sargent's best-known portrait, it has indeed the "witty touch"; but the painter must have been wishing, while he did it, to do another and a complementary likeness. Here we have the reproduction of an admirable portrait, painted at Samoa, by Count Girolamo Nerli; it is life-like, it is full of speech and thought, with an eye of irony, the mouth of a "sylvan," and short hair; and evidently an excellent painting. Mr. Baildon was Stevenson's schoolfellow, and knew him, therefore, in those implicit days before Professor Colvin, or Mr. Leslie Stephen, or Mr. Henley had seen his face. "I watched the plant when still in bud," he says. And all he has to tell of those times is thoroughly interesting, for he had the wit—being himself a boy with a mental history—to observe his contemporary. This part of the book is first-hand biography, but it is very slight; the rest is criticism or commentary, full of attention and interest, but not luminous. Mr. Baildon does not adequately prove his right to hold "Prince Otto" to be Stevenson's "least successful" (albeit also his "most brilliant") effort; or to consider that the forced and fatigued and fatiguing "Saint Ives" shows no decline—or rather lapse—of power. Among the best chapters is that on "Stevenson as a Letter-Writer," but other pages are well worth reading.

If you like to feel your blood run cold, and enjoy a creepy sensation in your back, by all means take up "Strange Happenings," and you will get your fill. This conglomerate volume is the product of many brains, but the stories in every case amply justify the general title and vie with one another in strangeness. Only one or two could by any stretch of the imagination be termed pleasant, and for the rest one has to be thankful that there are degrees of unpleasantness, and that some are less lurid than others. Mr. W. E. Norris, for instance, has the knack of being genially cynical, to use a paradoxical expression. His is the true philosophic mind, and he records the misfortunes of others from a comfortable distance, which enables him to see humour where a closer inspection would reveal only sadness. Mr. Frank Hird, too, in his pretty story, "A Day of Solitude Royal," is very fresh and pleasant, and only the fringe of his narrative is tinged with the blue that characterises this volume as a whole. "Selwyn Utterton's Nemesis"—a contribution from the pen of the late Mr. Grant Allen—is a singularly infelicitous selection, and not in his best manner. Mr. W. Clark Russell is, as always, fresh and breezy, and the out-of-doors atmosphere and spirit of adventure are welcome indeed. "An excellent Mystery," by Francis Prevost, is clever up to a certain point, and has the supreme merit of ending well; very much to the reader's surprise—a surprise which the writer apparently shares with him. "A Lynching in Mosinee" and "The Silver Snake" vie with each other in horror, while "Alter Idem" is decadent beyond measure. Two brief stories—"A Careful Mother," by F. C. Phillips, and "An Honourable Precedent," by H. B. Marriott Watson—make a brief interlude, and permit the weary reader to smile.

In "That Sweet Enemy" Mrs. Hinkson writes with her accustomed felicity. She introduces us, as usual, to a charming Irish family—two girls and two boys, and a delightful old aunt who has been the belle of the county in her time, and who to the last loses none of her charms. Cupid and his darts are much in evidence, and our sympathies fly from one lover to another, although they centre most about beautiful, obstinate Sheila, who will persist in continuing engaged to one nice man while all the time her heart is given to another. In the end, however, all is well, and gallant Anthony Lumsden does not suffer the unhappiness of disillusionment, for he is killed in one of our little wars on the Indian Frontier before her letter reaches him. The peasantry, too, claim a share of our attention, and we have occasional glimpses of the "moonlighters" and their ways. Mrs. Hinkson creates charming girls, and though they are all beautiful, they are in other ways human enough, and their faults are not quite omitted. Lovers in Ireland would seem to be as common as blackberries—everyone has two or three—but we suppose that Irishmen are more susceptible than the rest of mankind; or does the secret lie with the Irish girl?

The greatest city of the respectable working-man in the world—that is the chief impression Sir Walter Besant

would have his volume on "East London" leave with us. His East London covers a larger area than Mr. Charles Booth's. It comprises, speaking broadly, all that lies between the Great North Road and the river Lea, from Stoke Newington and other absorbed villages on the north to the Isle of Dogs on the south, together with East and West Ham on the farther side of the Marshes. Here are gathered two millions of people—a greater population, that is to say, than is to be found in Berlin or Vienna or St. Petersburg. It is a city, Sir Walter observes, without hotels (for it has no visitors), without municipal life, and practically without books, or a newspaper of its own. It is, too, a city without traditions, a growth of the last seventy years. In 1830 the greater part of it was green fields and orchards. Twenty years ago, we believe, a brace of partridges were shot on a farm in it now become a region of closely packed streets. Observant travellers who visit London frequently carry away with them the impression of an unproductive place, where people seem to live, and live well, upon one another, and on the rewards of their service to the Empire. Observant travellers ought to visit, but seldom do, this manufacturing city in the east. Sir Walter compiled a list of the various crafts carried on in London in the fifteenth century, and one of those carried on in the eighteenth, and the number in the second was double that in the first. There



LIMEHOUSE BASIN AND CHURCH.

REPRODUCED FROM "EAST LONDON," BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS.

is a still greater increase to-day, and it is in East London chiefly that the present-time crafts are located. A city of working bees! Exaggerated ideas, perhaps, prevail concerning the rate at which London devours her own children. Sir Walter suggests an interesting inquiry as to the survivals from the city families of earlier days. He tells us there are descendants of Henry FitzAilwyn, the first Mayor of London, and of the Thedmars, the Brembres, the Philpots, and the Walworths. Are there any of the Greshams and the Boleyns, here or in America? At any rate, this city down east, like the other parts of London, is constantly recruited by fresh blood, provincial and alien. Apparently Sir Walter does not see in the invasion of aliens the dangers that some others do; and, by the way, he adopts Mr. Charles Booth's explanation of the success of the Jew, attributing to him a trained, rather than a superior, intellect. Besides the subjects on which we have touched, the Pool and the riverside, the Wall, the housing question, the submerged population, amusements, and charities have each chapters to themselves. Sir Walter writes fluently and entertainingly, of course; though with a little more of sentiment, perhaps, than his own precepts regarding his subject justify. In one illustration—an excellent drawing, by the way—Mr. Raven-Hill follows him in this slight irrelevance; but the illustrations of this artist, and of Mr. Phil May and Mr. Joseph Pennell, add greatly, as might be expected, to the entertainment of the reader. In a word, this is a fascinating book, worthy of the series to which it belongs.

Mr. Stadling's journey "Through Siberia" was undertaken at the request of the Swedish Geographical Society, who accepted his suggestion that something should be done by Andrée's fellow-countrymen towards clearing up the mystery of the bold explorer's fate. To conduct his search along that portion of the coast where it was hoped some news might be obtained, Mr. Stadling had to take a long and circuitous journey by rail and tarantass to Irkutsk, and by steamer and boat down the river Lena. The sudden change of season which is peculiar to these regions caught his party unprepared, and delayed him on a barren island at the mouth of that river for seventeen days, waiting for sledges; hence the vital portion of his journey along the coast had to be made under conditions which even the hardy and courageous natives were loth to face. The quest, as the world knows, proved entirely barren of result. The nomads from whom news might have been received, had there been any to give, were scattered for the winter, and their summer haunts on the coast were deserted. Of the few who were encountered, some had heard vague and distorted rumours, traceable to the inquiries made by the Russian Government; but most had never heard of Andrée's venture at all, and were naturally puzzled when its nature was described to them. The author has much to say concerning the various peoples with whom he was brought in contact; and has no hesitation in preferring the pagan nomads of the far north to the peoples who have enjoyed the doubtful advantages of intercourse with the Russians. The exile system, there can be no question, has been a fruitful cause of demoralisation among the natives of Siberia, and some of the tribes appear to be fast dying out.

Mr. Austin Dobson's reprints of quaint and little-known literature always justify printer's ink, and Puckle's "Club," the latest of these, is no exception to the rule. Puckle is a gentleman who has given considerable amusement to the curious and the student. He who has told us most about him is Mr. G. Steinman Steinman, of Croydon, who in 1872 made researches into this "fading personality." He it was who discovered that Mr. James Puckle, author of "The Club," was the same with Mr. James Puckle who in 1722 exhibited at the Artillery Ground, Finsbury, a marvellous quick-firing gun. The gun could fire sixty-three times in seven minutes, and was fitted either with "round bullets for Christians or square bullets for unbelievers." Mr. Steinman having identified Mr. Puckle, notary public in Pope's Head Alley, Cornhill, with the inventor of the gun and the author of "The Club," rendered further service by compiling an excellent bibliography of the work now reprinted. "The Club; or, a Grey Cap for a Green Head in a Dialogue between Father and Son," is reminiscent of John Earle's "Microcosmography," which preceded it by just a little less than a century, though it is far inferior to that portrait-gallery in charm of style and aptness of phrase. It may have been suggested by Earle, however; but more likely the model was the "Characters" of Theophrastus, with which it is evident the author was acquainted. The volume had a moral purpose, which is to be seen from the quatrain appended to the preface to the third edition, and which runs—

Go, little book, show to the fool his face,
The knave his picture, and the sot his case;
Tell to each youth what is and what's not fit,
And teach to such as want, sobriety and wit.

The dialogue opens with a most pertinent and universal question from the father to the son: "What made you out so late last night?" And the son candidly confesses that Mr. — invited him to his club at the Noah's Ark. From this the son passes to a minute description of the company he had kept, and his remarks thereon are corrected and amplified by the careful parent. There is a good deal of rather shrewd moralising and frequent quotation from Pope. Earle, Theophrastus, and Mr. Puckle make by no means a bad trio on one's bookshelves, and have each, in his own degree, the knack of stimulating amusing reflection. Like all aphoristic works, they are for the odd moment rather than for the hour of serious study. Mr. Dobson's edition is enriched by the original designs of John Thurston.

"But Valencia is modern; the modern girl is quite free in her relations with men. The modern girl is a splendid creature." These were the words of Merry, man of ideas to Bushell, the mammoth of new journalism; Merry, the man of ideas, who finally beat Bushell on his own ground by starting a paper of his own, the success of which he assured by giving away in a prize competition a family grave. Valencia was a person of considerable charm and no little mystery who suddenly appeared as the occupier of the third floor of a Great Ormond Street lodging, where Merry and several friends "hung out," as he himself would have expressed it. The young men did not fall out over her, and one of them finally married her. Thus did Valencia, who informs us not once, but twice, that "the usual" was a subject she did not take at school, blunder into customary and common-place matrimony. That, in effect, is all the story. Viewed as a skit, the book may claim a fair measure of success. As a novel with any deeper grasp of life it will scarcely bear consideration, and the same may be said of its merits as a performance in literature. Throughout, the view is, if not false, at least affected. The work, unfortunately, never attains any dignity either of thought or expression.

[For a List of Books Received, see page 486.]